THE VIRGIN MARTIR,

A TRAGEDIE.

AS IT HATH BIN DIVERS times publickely Acted with great Applause,

By the seruants of his Maiesties Reuels.

Written by *Phillip Messenger* and *Thomas Dekker.*

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The Actors names.

Diocleſian } Emperours of Rome.
Maximinus, }

A King of *Pontus*.
A King of *Epire*.
A King of *Macedon*.
Sapritius, Gouernour of *Ceſaria*.
Theophilus, a zealous perſecutor of the Chriſtians.
Sempronius, Captaine of *Sapritius* Guards.
Antonius, ſonne to *Sapritius*.
Macrinus, friend to *Antonius*.
Harpax an euill ſpirit, following *Theophilus* in the ſhape of a Secretary.
Artemia, daughter to *Diocleſian*.
Caliſte } Daughters to *Theophilus*.
Chriſteta. }
Dorothea, The Virgin Martyr.
Angelo, a good ſpirit, ſeruing *Dorothea* in the habite of a Page.
A Britiſh Slaue.
Hercius, a Whoremaſter. } Seruants to *Dorothea*.
Spungius, a Drunkard. }
A Prieſt to *Iupiter*.
Officers and Executioners.

THE

THE VIRGIN MARTIR.

Actus primus. Scene I.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. COme to *Cæsarea* to night?
Harpax. Most true Sir.
Theoph. The Emperour in person?
Harpax. Do I liue.
Theo. Tis wondrous strange, the marches of great Princes
Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors.
Are step, by step obseru'd, and lowd tong'd Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And were it possible, so great an armie,
Though couer'd with the night, could be so neere:
The Gouernour cannot be so vnfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But by some secret meanes he should haue notice
Of *Cæsars* purpose in this, then excuse me
If I appeare incredulous.
Harpax. At your pleasure.
Theop. Yet when I call to mind you neuer faild me
In things more difficult, but haue discouered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
When neither woods, nor caues, nor secret vaults,
No nor the power they serue, could keep these Christians,
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magicke
Still layd them open: I begin againe
To be as confident as heretofore.
It is not possible thy powerfull art
Should meete a checke, or fayle.

Enter

Enter a Priest with the image of Iupiter, Caliste, Christeta.

Harp. Looke on these vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods haue giu'n you,
Your chast faire daughters. Wer't not to vpbraid
A seruice to a maister not vnthankfull,
I could say this in spite of your preuention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yeelded vp themselues
To this new found religion. This I crosd,
Discouerd their intentions, taught you to vse
With gentle words and milde persuasions,
The power, and the authority of a father
Set off with cruell threats and so reclaimd em,
And whereas they with torments should haue dy'd,
(Hels furies to me had they vndergone it) *aside*
They are now votaries in great Iupiters temple,
And by his Priest instructed, growne familiar
With all the Mysteries, nay the most abstruse ones
Belonging to his Dietie.

Theoph. Twas a benefit
For which I euer owe you, Haile *Iouis Flamen*,
Haue these my daughters reconcilde themselues
(Abandoning for euer the Christian way)
To your opinion.

Priest. And are constant in it,
They teach their teachers with their depth of iudgement,
And are with arguments able to conuert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can obiect against vs.

Theoph. My deere daughters.

Caliste. We dare dispute against this new sprung sect
In priuate or publicke.

Harpax. My best Lady.
Perseuer in it.

Christeta. And what we maintaine
We will seale with our bloods.

Harpax. Braue resolution.

I eu'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

Theoph. I yong againe to your deuotions.

Harpax. Doe.

My prayers be present with you. *exeunt Priest and daughters*

Theoph. Oh my *Harpax.*

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steeldst
My bloody resolutions, thou that armst
My eyes gainst womanish teares and soft compassion,
Instructing me without a sigh to looke on
Babes torne by violence from their mothers breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame:
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torne by dogs:
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I vnsatisfied thinke their torments easie.

Harpax. And in that iust, not cruell.

Theoph. Weare all sceptres
That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offerd me, all crownes layd at my feete,
I would contemne them all, thus spit at them,
So I to all posterities might be cald
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods
And rooter out of Christians.

Harpax. Oh mine owne,
Mine owne deere Lord, to further this great worke
I euer liue thy slaue.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theoph. No more the Gouernour.

Sapr. Keepe the ports close, and let the guards be doubl'd
Disarme the Christians, call it death in any
To weare a sword, or in his house to haue one.

Semp. I shall be carefull Sir,

Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture.
Grub vp this growing mischiefe by the roots,
And know when we are mercifull to them,
We to our selues are cruell.

Semp. You poure oyle

On fire that burnes already at the height,
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.
Theoph. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great maister, who this night in person
Comes here to thanke you.
Sapritius. Who the Emperour?
Har. To cleere your doubt, he does return in triumph;
Kings lackying by his triumphant Chariot,
And in this glorious victory my Lord,
You haue an ample share: for know your sonne,
The nere enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath fleshd his maiden sword, and died
His snowy plumes so deepe in enemies blood,
That besides publicke grace, beyond his hopes
T' are rewards propottinded.
Sap. I would know
No meane in thine could this be true.
Harpax. My head answer the forfeit.
Sapritius. Of his victory
There was some rumor, but it was afford
The army passd a full dayes iourney higher
Into the countrey.
Harpax. It was so determin'd,
But for the further honor of your sonne,
And to obserue the gouernment of the citty,
And with what rigor, or remisse indulgence
The Christians are pursude he makes his stay here.
For proofe his trumpets speake his neere arriuall.
Trumpets sure of.
Sap. Haste good *Sempronius*, draw vp our guards,
And with all ceremonious pompe receiue
The conquering army. Let our garrison speake
Their welcome in lowd shouts, the citie shew
Her state and wealth.
Sempr. I am gone. *exit Sempronius*
Sapr. O I am rauish'd

With

With this great honour, cherish good *Theophilus*
This knowing scholler, send your faire daughters
I will present them to the Emperour,
And in their sweet conuersion, as a mirror
Expresse your zeale and duty. *a lesson of Cornets.*

Theoph. Fetch them good *Harpax*.

A guard brought in by Sempronius, *souldiers leading in three kings bound,* Antoninus *and* Macrinus *carrying the Emperors Egles,* Diocletian *with a guilt laurell on his head, leading in* Artemia, Sapritius *kisses the Emperors hand, then embraces his sonne,* Harpax *brings in* Caliste *and* Christeta, *loud shoutes.*

Diocle. So at all parts I finde *Cæsarea*
Compleatly gouernd, the licentious souldier
Confin'd in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigor,
The ancient Roman discipline reuiu'd,
(Which rays'd Roome to her greatnes, and proclaimd her
The glorious mistresse of the conquerd world)
But aboue all the seruice of the gods
So zealously obseru'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
In words to thanke you for your care and duty
Were much vnworthy *Diocletians* honor
Or his magnificence to his loyall seruants.
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompence your merits.

Sapr. Mightiest *Cæsar*
Whose power vpon this globe of earth, is equall
To *Ioues* in heauen, whose victorious triumphs
On prowd rebellious Kings that stir against it
Are perfit figures of his immortall trophees
Wonne in the gyants war, whose conquering sword
Guided by his strong arme, as deadly kils
As did his thunder, all that I haue done,
Or if my strength were centupld could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But if in any thing I haue deseru'd

Great *Cæsar* smile, tis in my humble care
Still to preserue the honour of those gods,
That make him what he is: my zeale to them
I euer haue expressd in my selfe hate
Against the Christian sect, that with one blow
Ascribing all things to an vnknowne power,
Would strike downe all their temples, and allowes them
Nor sacrifice nor altars.

Diocle. Thou in this
Walkest hand in hand with mee, my will and power
Shall not alone confirme me, but honor all
That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæsar*;
If your imperiall Maiestie stand pleasd
To showre your fauours vpon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion,
Looke on this reuerend man, to whom the power
Of serching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choyce committed, and for proofe
He hath deserv'd the grace impos'd vpon him,
And with a fayre and euen hand proceeded
Partiall to none, not to him selfe, or those
Of equall neerenesse to himselfe, behold
This paire of Virgins.

Diocle. What are these?

Sapr. His daughters.

Arte. Now by your sacred fortune they are faire ones,
Exceeding faire ones, would 'twere in my power
To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great Lady,
They were most happy in your seruice else,
On these when they fell from their fathers faith
I vsde a iudges power, entreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship, I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And as they had bin strangers to my blood,
Presented them in the most horrid forme

All kind of tortures, part of which they ſufferd
With Roman conſtancy.

Arts. And could you endure
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the racke?

Theo. I did, but muſt
Confeſſe there was a ſtrange contention in me,
Betweene the impartiall office of a Iudge,
And pitty of a father; to helpe Iuſtice
Religion ſtept in, vnder which ods
Compaſſion fell: yet ſtill I was a father,
For euen then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worne with ſtripes ſpent on their tender limbs,
I kneeld, and wept, and begd them though they would
Be cruell to themſelues, they would take pittie
On my gray haires. Now note a ſodaine change,
Which I with ioy remember, thoſe whom torture
Nor feare of death could terrifie, were orecome
By ſeeing of my ſuffrings, and ſo wonne,
Returning to the faith that they were borne in,
I gaue them to the gods, and be aſſurde
I that vſde iuſtice with a rigorous hand
Vpon ſuch beauteous virgins, and mine owne,
Will vſe no fauour where the cauſe commands me
To any other, but as rocks be deafe
To all intreaties.

Diocle. Thou deſeru'ſt thy place,
Still hold it and with honor, things thus orderd
Touching the gods tis lawfull to deſcend
To human cares, and exerciſe that power
Heauen has conferd vpon me, which that you
Rebels and traytors to the power of Rome
Should not with all extremities vndergoe,
What can you vrge to qualifie your crimes
Or mitigate my anger? *Epire.* We are now
Slaues to thy power, that yeſterday were kings,
And had command ore others, we confeſſe
Our grandſires payd yours tribute, yet left vs

As their forefathers had desire of freedome,
And if you Romans hold it glorious honor
Not onely to defend what's your owne,
Put to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happinesse) who can accuse
The famishd mouth if it attempt to feed,
Or such whose fetters eate into their freedomes,
If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand
The last examples to proue how vncertaine
All humane happinesse is, and are prepard
To endure the worst.

Macedon. That spoake which now is highest
In Fortunes wheele, must when she turns it next
Decline as low as we are. This considerd
Taught the Egyptian *Hercules Sesostris*
(That had his chariot drawne by captiue kings)
To free them from that slauery, but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meere madnesse.
We are familiar with what cruelty
Roome since her infant greatnesse, euer vsde
Such as she triumphd ouer, age nor sexe
Exempted from her tyranny: sceptered Princes
Kept in your common dungeons, and their children
In scorne traind vp in base Mechanicke arts
For publicke bondmen; in the catalogue
Of those vnfortunate men, we expect to haue
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Eu'n cruelty is vsefull, some must suffer
And be set vp examples to strike terror
In others though far off, but when a State
Is rayse to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firme, to shrinke, or yeeld, we may vse mercy
And do't with safety, but to whom? not cowards?
Or such whose baseneese shames the conqueror,
And robs him of his victorie, as weake *Perseus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore kings

Of

Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
That I with courteſie can vſe my priſoners
As well as make them mine by force, prouided
That they are noble enemies: ſuch I found you
Before I made you mine, and ſince you were ſo,
You haue not loſt the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune, had you borne your ſelues
Directly, and baſe, no ſlauery
Had beene too eaſie for you, but ſuch is
The power of noble valour, that we loue it
Eu'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Deſire to make them friends, as I will you.
Epire. Mocke vs not *Ceſar*.
Diocle. By the Gods I do not.
Vnlooſe their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,
Giue them their Crownes againe.
Pon. We are twice ouercome
By courage and by courteſie.
Mace. But this latter
Shall teach vs to liue euer faithfull Vaſſals
To *Diocleſian* and the power of Rome.
Epire. All Kingdomes fall before her.
Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Ceſar*.
Diocle. I beleeue
Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I moſt happy Queene of fate,
Imperious Fortune mixe ſome light diſaſter
With my ſo many ioyes to ſeaſon em,
And giue them ſweeter reliſh, I am girt round
With true felicity, faithfull ſubiects heare,
Heare bold Commanders, heere with new made friends,
But what's the crowne of all in thee *Artemia*,
My only child whoſe loue to me and duty
Striue to exceede each other,
Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I ſtand bound to tender
As a daugher, and a ſubiect.
Diocle. Which requires yet

A retribution from me. *Artemia*
Tyde by a fathers care how to bestow
A iewell of all things to me most pretious,
Nor will I therefore longer keepe thee from
The chiefe ioyes of creation, mariage rites,
Which that thou mayst with greater pleasure tast of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine owne
Amongst these kings forgetting they were captines,
Or these remembring not they are my subiects,
Make choyce of any, by *Ioues* dreadfull thunder,
My will shall ranke with thine.

Arte. It is a bounty
The daughters of great Princes seldome meete with.
For they, to make vp breaches in the state,
Or for some other politicke ends are forc'd
To match where they affect not, may my life
Deserue this favour.

Diocle. Speake, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles
Or the adored name of Queene could take me,
Here would I fixe mine eyes and looke no further.
But these are baites to take a meane borne Lady,
Not her that boldly may call *Cæsar* father.
In that I can bring honor vnto any
But from no king that liues receiues addition
To raise desert and vertue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate were greater glory,
Then to mixe greatnesse with a Prince that owes
No worth but that name onely.

Diocle I commend thee,
Tis like thy selfe.

Artem. If then of men beneath me
My choyce is to be made, where shall I seeke
But among those that best deserue from you,
That haue seru'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
Haue stood next to you, that haue interpos'd
Their brests as shields of proofe to dull the swords

Aimd,

Aimd at your boſome, that haue ſpent their blood
To crowne your browes with Lawrell.
Macrinus. Cubera
Great Queene of loue be now propitious to me.
Harpax. Now marke what I foretold.
Anton. Her eyes on me,
Faire *Venus* ſonne draw forth a leaden dart,
And that ſhe may hate me, transfixe her with it,
Or if thou needs wilt vſe a golden one,
Shoote in the behalfe of any other,
Thou knowſt I am thy votary elſe where.
Artem. Sir.
Theoph. How he bluſhes!
Sap. Welcome, foole, thy fortune,
Stand like a blocke when ſuch an Angell courts thee.
Artem. I am no obiect to diuert your eye
From the beholding.
Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze vpon
That tooke not firſt flight from the Egles aeiry.
As I looke on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reuerence Lady I behold you,
And ſhall do euer.
Arte. And it will become you,
While thus we ſtand at diſtance, but if loue
(Loue borne out of th'aſſurance of your vertues)
Teach me to ſtoope ſo low.
Anton. O rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why feare you to be raiſd?
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits
On Maieſtie, or with you ſhare my beames,
Nay make you to outſhine me. change the name
Of ſubiect into Lord, rob you of ſeruice
Thats due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honor you, would you refuſe me?
Anton. Refuſe you Madam, ſuch a worme as I am,
Refuſe, what kings vpon their knees would ſue for?

Call it, great Lady, by another name,
An humble modeſty that would not match
A Molehill with *Olimpus*.
Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the warre,
As you are *Antoninus*, a prou'd ſouldier
Is fellow to a king.
Anton. If you loue valour,
As 'tis a kingly vertue, ſeeke it out,
And cheriſh it in a king, there it ſhines brighteſt,
And yeelds the braueſt luſtre. Looke on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not diſgrace him, that he was
Orecome by *Ceſar*, (it was a victory
To ſtand ſo long againſt him,) had you ſeene him,
How in one bloody ſcene he did diſcharge
The parts of a Commander, and a ſouldier,
Wiſe in direction, bold in execution;
You would haue ſayd, great *Ceſars* ſelfe excepted,
The world yeelds not his equall.
Artem. Yet I haue heard,
Encountring him alone in the head of his troope,
You tooke him priſoner.
Epire. Tis a truth great Princeſſe.
Ile not detract from valour.
Anton. T'was meere fortune,
Courage had no hand in it.
Theoph. Did euer man
Striue ſo againſt his owne good.
Sap. Spiritleſſe villaine,
How I am tortur'd, by the immortall gods
I now could kill him.
Diocl. Hold *Sapritius* hold,
On our diſpleaſure hold.
Harpax. Why, this would make
A father mad, tis not to be endur'd,
Your honours tainted in it.
Sapr. By heauen it is,

I ſhall thinke of't.

Harpax. Tis not to be forgotten.

Art. Nay kneele not Sir, I am no raviſher,
Nor ſo farre gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour ſafe.
Yet ſay hereafter that thou haſt neglected
What but ſeene in poſſeſſion of another
Will runne thee mad with enuy.

Anton. In her lookes
Reuenge is written.

Max. As you loue your life ſtudy t'appeaſe her.

An. Gratious madame heare me.

Artem. And be againe refuſd?

Anton. The tender of
My life, my ſeruice, or ſince you vouchſafe it,
My loue, my heart, my all, and pardon me:
Pardon dread Princeſſe that I made ſome ſcruple
To leaue a valley of ſecuritie
To mount vp to the hill of Maieſtie,
On which the neerer *Ioue* the neerer lightning.
What knew I but your grace made triall of me?
Durſt I preſume to embrace, where but to touch
With an vnmanurd hand was death? the Foxe;
When he ſaw firſt the forreſts king, the Lyon
Was almoſt drad with feare, the ſecond view
Onely a little dant him, the third
He durſt ſalute him boldly: pray you apply this,
And you ſhall find a little time will teach me
To looke with more familiar eyes vpon you
Then duty yet allowes me.

Sap. Well excuſde.

Artem. You may redeeme all yet.

Diocl. And that he may
Haue meanes and opportunity to do ſo,
Artemia I leaue you my ſubſtitute
In faire *Caſarea.*

Sap. And here as your ſelfe
We will obey and ſerue her.

Diocle. Antoninus
So you proue hers I wish no other heire,
Thinke on't, be carefull of your charge *Theophilus*,
Saprisius be you my daughters guardian.
Your company I wish confederate Princes
In our Dalmatian wars, which finished
With victorie I hope, and *Maximinus*
Our brother and copartner in the Empire
At my request wonne to confirme as much,
The kingdomes I tooke from you weele restore,
And make you greater then you were before.
Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus & Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anton. Oh I am lost for euer, lost *Macrinus*,
The anchor of the wretched, hope forsakes me,
And with one blast of fortune all my light
Of happinesse is put out.
Macr. You are like to those
That are ill onely, cause they are too well,
That surfetting in the excesse of blessings
Call their abundance want: what could you wish,
That is not falne vpon you? honour, greatnesse,
Respect, wealth, fauour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princesse, whose excelling forme
Exceedes her fortune.
Anton. Yet poyson still is poyson
Though drunke in gold, and all these flattring glories
To me, ready to starue, a painted banquet
And no essentiall foode: when I am scorchd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her loue to me, greatnes, or Empire,
That am slaue to another, who alone
Can giue me ease or freedome?
Macr. Sir you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea*,
Is she though faire the same day to be nam'd

With

With beſt *Artemia*? in all their courſes
Wiſemen propoſe their ends: with ſweete *Artemia*
There comes along pleaſure, ſecurity,
Vſher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With *Dorothea*, though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of Rome,
By him left rich (yet with a priuate wealth
And farre inferiour to yours) arriues
The Emperours frowne (which like a mortall plague
Speakes death is neere) the Princeſſe heauy ſcorne,
Vnder which you will ſhrinke, your fathers fury,
Which to reſiſt euen piety forbids,
And but remember that ſhe ſtands ſuſpected
A fauourer of the Chriſtian Sect, ſhe brings
Not danger but aſſured deſtruction with her:
This truely wai'd, one ſmile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cheriſh't and prefer'd before
All ioyes in *Dorothea*, therefore leaue her.

An. In what thou think'ſt thou art moſt wiſe, thou art
Groſely abus'd *Macrinus*, and moſt fooliſh.
For any man to match aboue his ranke,
Is but to ſell his libetty; with *Artemia*
I ſtill muſt liue a ſeruant, but enioying
Diuineſt *Dorothea*, I ſhall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband; for the danger,
Or call it if you will aſſur'd deſtruction,
I ſleight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
As I dare ſweare thou art, and wilt not take
A Gouernors place vpon thee, be my helper.

Macri. You know I dare and will doe any thing.
Put me vnto the teſt.

Anton. Goe then *Macrinus*
To *Dorothea*, tell her I haue worne,
In all the battailes I haue fought her figure,
Her figure in my heart, which like a deity
Hath ſtill protected me, thou canſt ſpeake well,
And of thy choyſeſt language, ſpare a little
To make her vnderſtand how much I loue her,

And

And how I languish for her, beare her these iewels
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not seruice,
As to my goddesse. All lets throwne behind me,
Or feares that may deter me: say this morning
I meane to visite her by the name of friendship,
No words to contradict this.

Macrinus. I am yours,
And if my trauell this way be ill spent,
Iudge not, my reader, will by the euent. *exeunt*

Finis actus primus.

Actus 2. Scenus 1.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spun. Turne Christian, wud he that first tempted mee to haue my shooes walkes vpon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a Capon, for I am sure now the stones of all my pleasure in this fleshly life are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any Coxecombe has a galloping desire to ride, heres a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kicke for all that like a horse, looke else.

Hir. But thats a kickish lade, fellow *Spungius*, haue not I as much cause to complaine as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an Infidell Punke of mine, would haue let me come vpon trust for my coruetting, a pox of your christian Coxatrices, they cry like Poulterers wiues, no money, no Cony.

Spun. Bacchus, the God of brew'd Wine and Sugar, grand Patron of rob-pots, vpsie-freesie-tiplers, and super-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head warden of Vintners Hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all Victualing houses, the sole liquid Benefactor to bawdy-houses, *Lanze prezado* to red Noses, and inuincible Adelantado ouer the Armado of pimpled, deepe scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. what of all this?

Spun. This

Spun. This boone Bacchanalion flinker, did I make legges to.

Hirc. Scuruy ones, when thou wert drunke.

Spung. There is no danger of loosing a man yeares by making these Indures, he that will not now and then bee *Calabingo*, is worse then a *Calamonthe*: when I was a Pagan and kneeld to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drinke a Lord, but your Christian Lords out-boule me: I was in hope to leade a sober life, when I was converted, but now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Alhouse but I reele into another: they haue whole streets of nothing but drinking roomes, and drabbing chambers, iumbled together.

Hirc. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first schoolemaister that taught Butchers how to sticke pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the onely Ningle that I cared for vnder the Moone, but since I left him, to follow a scruy Lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench & offer to vse her any thing hardly (telling her being a Christian she must endure) she presently handles me as if I were a cloue, & cleaues me with disdaine as if I were a Calues head.

Spung. I see no remedy fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be halfe Pagans and halfe Christians, for we know very fooles that are Christians.

Hirc. Right, the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed Crowes.

Spung. True, Christian Brokers, thou knowest, are made vp of the quarters of Christians, parboyle one of these rogues and he is not meate for a dog: no, no, I am resolued to haue an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Hir. Thy Lad shall serue my boote, so will I.

Spun. Our whimpring Lady and Mistresse sent mee with two great baskets full of Beefe, Mutton, Veale and Goose fellow *Hircius*.

Hir. And Woodcocke fellow *Spungius*.

Spung. Vpon the poore leane Asse fellow, on which I

ride, to all the Almſwomen: what thinkſt thou I hue done with all this good cheere.

Hir. Eate it, and be choakt elſe.

Spun. Wud my Aſſe, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demy Pagan, I ſold the victuals, and coyn'd the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe a perfect demy-Chriſtian too, to let the poore beg, ſtarue and hang, or dye a the pip: our puling ſnotty-noſe Lady ſent me out likewiſe with a purſe of mony, to releeue and releaſe priſoners: did I do thinke you?

Spun. Wud thy ribs were turnd into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a totall Pagan, I ſwore they ſhould be hangd firſt: for ſirra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cryed a poxe in your two-penny wards, and ſo I tooke ſcurvy common hire for the mony.

Spun. And wiſely done, for our Lady ſending it to priſoners, had beſtowed it out vpon lowſie knaues, and thou to ſaue that labour caſts it away vpon rotten whores.

Hir. All my feare is of that pinſe-an-eye Ieake an Apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a Pagan, from my cod-peece downward that white-fac'd Monkie, frights me ſo, I ſtole but a durty pudding laſt day out of an almſe-basket, to giue my dogge when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith teeth with it.

Hir. With the durty pudding, he did me once with a cowturd, which in knauery I would haue crammd into ones porridge, who was halfe a Pagan to: the ſmug dandiprat ſmels vs: but what ſoeuer we are doing,

Spun. Doe the deſtinie take heede I proue not his hacke friend; Ile make him curſe his ſmelling what I doe.

Hir. Tis my Lady (boyes) the boy, for he is euer at her tyde: and ſhe's neuer well but in his company.

Enter Angelo *with a Booke and Taper. Hir. and Spun. ſeeing him, counterfeit deuotion.*

Ange. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes
In shew to climbe to heauen, when your deuotion
Walkes vpon crutches: where did you waste your time
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heauenly language.

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in pedlars French I hope.

Hir. We ha not bene idle, take it vpon my word.

Ange. Haue you the baskets emptied which your Lady
Sent from the charitable hands, to women
That dwell vpon her pitty?

Spun. Emptied em! yes, I do be loth to haue my belly so emptie, yet I'm sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ange. And went your money to the prisoners.

Hir. Went no, I carryed it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? the diuels way, the way of sinne,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust:
And you to, wash away the poore mans bread
In bowles of drunkennesse.

Spun. Drunkennesse! yes, yes, I vse to bee drunke: our next neighbours man called *Christopher* has often seene me drunke, has he not?

Hir. Or me giuen so to the flesh, my cheekes speake my doings.

Ange. Auant you theeues, and hollow hypocrites.
Your hearts to me lie open like blacke bookes,
And there I reade your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? come amiable *Angelo*, beate the flint of your braines.

Spun. And lets see what sparkes of wit fly out, to kindle your *Carebrum*.

Ang. Your names euen brand you, you are *Spungius* cald
And like a Spunge you sucke vp liquorous wines
Till your soule reeles to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any drunkards legs carry him so far.

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widowes food.
And starving them, is murder, what's this but hell.
Harpies your name, and Goatish is your nature:
You snatch the meate out of the prisoners mouth,
To fatten harlots, is not this hell to,
No Angell, but the diuell waites on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throate.

Hir. No, better burne him, for I thinke he is a witch, but sooth, fie on him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Hir. And she ones for mine, we haue 'em swimming in sholes hard by.

Spun. We must confesse, I tooke too much of the pot, and he of tother hollow commodity.

Hir. 'Tis indeed, we layd fill on both of vs, we couzen'd the poore, but 'tis a comon thing, many a one that counts himselfe a better Christian then we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray sweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady, and if you take vs creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let Cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poy sond talles of Rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonor her sweet charity.
Who sau'd you from the tree of death and shame.

Hir. Wud I were hangd rather then thus beheld of my faults.

Spun. She tooke vs, 'tis true, from the gallowes, yet I hope she will not barre yeomen sprats to haue their swinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend. *enter Dore.*

Hir. Lets breake his necke, and bid him mend.

Dor. Haue you my messages (sent to the poore)
Deliuer'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any lot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope, neither my fellow nor I am theeues.

Hir. Deliuerd with good hands madam, else let me neuer licke

licke my fingers more when I eate butterd fish.

Dor. Who cheate the poore, and from them plucke their almes.

Pilfer from Heauen, and there are thunderbolts
From thence to beate them euer, do not lye,
Were you both faithfull true distributers?

Spun. Lye Madame, what griefe is it to see you turne Swaggerer, and giue your poore minded rascally seruants the lye.

Dor. I'm glad you doe not, if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing.
Whisper but to mine eare, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper, nay Lady, for my part Ile cry whoope.

Ang. Play no more Villaines with so good a Lady,
For if you doe———.

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The fowle Feind snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes vs for Botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My booke and Taper.

Ang. Heere most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voyce sends forth such musicke, that I neuer
Was rauisht with a more celestiall sound,
Were euery seruant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come downe
To dwell with vs, thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art, get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppresst.

Ang. No my deare Lady, I could weary starres,
And force the wakefull Moone to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to waite on you,
When at your prayers you kneele before the Altar,
Me thinkes I'm singing with some Quire in Heauen,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore my most-lou'd mistresse do not bid
Your boy so seruiceable to get hence,
For then you breake his heart.

Dor. Bee nye me ſtill then,
In golden letters downe ile ſet that day
Which gaue thee to me, little did I hope
To meete ſuch worlds of comfort in thy ſelfe,
This little pretty body, when I comming
Forth of the temple, heard my begger-boy,
My ſweete fac'd godly begger-boy, craue an almes,
Which with glad hand I gaue, with lucky hand,
And when I tooke thee home, my moſt chaſt boſome
Me thought was fil'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting ſince higher
On wings of Cherubines then did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modeſt eye,
So likes ſo poore a ſeruiant.

Dor. I haue offerd ——————
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents,
I would leaue Kingdomes, were I Queene of ſome,
To dwell with thy good father, for the ſonne
Bewitching me ſo deepely with his preſence,
He that begot him muſt doo't ten times more,
I pray thee, my ſweete boy, ſhew me thy parents,
Be not aſham'd.

Ang. I am not, I did neuer
Know who any mother was, but by yon Pallace
Fill'd with bright heauenly Courtiers, I dare aſſure you,
And pawne theſe eyes vpon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heauen, and pretty Miſtreſſe,
If your illuſtrious houre Glaſſe ſpend his ſand
No worſe then yet it does, vpon my life
You and I both ſhall meete my father there,
And he ſhall bid you welcome.

Dor. A bleſſed day,
We all long to be there, but loſe the way. *exeunt.*

Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theo. Sunne-god of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*

Mac. And

Mac. And thee *Theophilus.*

Theo. Gladst thou in such scorne, I call my wish backe.

Mac. I'm in haste.

Theo. One word,
Take the least hand of time vp: stay.

Mac. Be briefe.

Theo. As thought: I pritheetell me good *Macrinus*
How health and our faire Princesse lyy together
This night, for you can tell, Courtiers haue flyes
That buzze all newes vnto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theo. Double thy courtesie, how does *Antoninus?*

Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked, I know not how.

Theo. Once more,
Thy head is full of Winde-mils; when does the Princesse
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night.

Mac. I know not.

Theo. No, thou art the Manuscripe
Where *Antoninus* writes downe all his secrets,
Honest *Macrinus* tell me.

Mac. Fare you well Sir.

Har. Honestly is some Fiend, and frights him hence,
A many Courtiers loue it not.

Theo. What peece
Of this State-wheele (which winds vp *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runnes so iarringly? the
Man is from himselfe deuided: Oh thou the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me my *Harpax,*
What gad flye tickles so this *Macrinus,*
That vp-flinging thy tayle, he breakes thus from me,

Har. Oh sir, his braine-pannes a bed of Snakes,
Whose stings shoote through his eye-balls, whose poysonous spawne
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villanies,
That vnlesse charmes more strong then Adamant
Bee vs'd, the Rogues Angels wings shall melt,

And

And *Cæsars* Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feete, the Lawrell which he weares
(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischiefe, keepe a steady motion,
His eyes and feete you see giue strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turn'd a marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crab'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading, what (ith name
Of *Plato*) now is hatching.

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, vpon which loue errands runne
Twixt *Antonius* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinkes vp her ruby colour, yet *Antonius*
Playes the Endymion to this pale fac'd Moone,
Courts her, seekes to catch her eyes.

Theo. And what of this?

Har. These are but creeping Billowes
Not got to shore yet, but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with loue,
(Your coldest women do so) had you yncke
Brew'd from the infernall Stix, and not all that blacknesse
Can make a thing so foule, as the Dishonours,
Disgraces, Buffettings, and most base affronts
Vpon the bright *Artemia*, Starre of Court,
Great *Cæsars* Daughter.

Theo. I now conster thee.

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of Clouds being fild
With *Ioues* Artillery, shot downe at once
To pash your Gods in peices, cannot giue
With all those Thunderbolts so deepe a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antonius* soule,
Making it foule like hers: Oh the example—

Eates

Theo. Eates through *Cæsareas* heart, like liquid poiſon
Haue I inuented tortures to teare Chriſtians,
To ſee but which, could all that ſeeles Hels torments
Haue leaue to ſtand alooſe heere on earths ſtage,
They would be mad till they againe deſcended,
Holding the paines moſt horrid, of ſuch ſoules,
May-games to thoſe of mine, has this my hand
Set downe a Chriſtians execution
In ſuch dire poſtures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foote dead hearing but their figures,
And ſhall *Mucrius* and his fellow *Maſquer*
Strangle me in a dance.

Har. No, on, I do hug thee,
For drilling thy quick braines in this rich plot
Of tortures gainſt theſe Chriſtians: on, I hug thee.

Theo. Both hug and holy me, to this *Dorothea*
Flye thou and I, in thunder.

Har. Not for Kingdomes
Pil'd vpon Kingdomes, theres a villaine Page
Waites on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold trafficke with, I do ſo hate his ſight,
That ſhould I looke on him I muſt ſinke downe.

Theo. I will not looſe thee then, her to confound,
None but this head with glories ſhall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine owne as I would with thee. *exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Mucrius, Angelo.

Dor. My truſty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which euer waites vpon my buſineſſe,
I prithee watch thoſe my ſtill-negligent ſeruants
That they performe my will in what's enioyn'd them
To'th good of others, elſe will you find them flyes
Not lying ſtill, yet in them no good lyes:
Be carefull deare Boy.

Ang. Yes, my ſweeteſt Miſtreſſe. *exit.*

Dor. Now Sir, you may goe on.

Muc. I then muſt ſtudy,

And *Cæsars* Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feete, the Lawrell which he weares
(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischiefe, keepe a steady motion,
His eyes and feete you see giue strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turnd a marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crab'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading, what (ith name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching.

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, vpon which loue errands runne
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinkes vp her ruby colour, yet *Antoninus*
Playes the Endymion to this pale fac'd Moone,
Courts her, seekes to catch her eyes.

Theo. And what of this?

Har. These are but creeping Billowes
Not got to shore yet, but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with loue,
(Your coldest women do so) had you yack
Brew'd from the infernall Stix, and not all that blacknesse
Can make a thing so foule, as the Dishonours,
Disgraces, Buffettings, and most base affronts
Vpon the bright *Artemia*, Starre of Court,
Great *Cæsars* Daughter.

Theo. I now conster thee.

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of Clouds being fild
With *Iowes* Artillery, shot downe at once
To pash your Gods in peeces, cannot giue
With all those Thunderbots so deepe a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antonius* soule,
Making it foule like hers: Oh the example

Eates

Theo. Eates through *Cæsareas* heart, like liquid poison
Haue I inuented tortures to teare Christians,
To see but which, could all that feeles Hels torments
Haue leaue to stand aloofe heere on earths stage,
They would be mad till they againe descended,
Holding the paines most horrid, of such soules,
May-games to those of mine, has this my hand
Set downe a Christians execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foote dead hearing but their figures,
And shall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Masquer*
Strangle me in a dance.

Har. No, on, I do hug thee,
For drilling thy quick braines in thistrich plot
Of tortures gainst these Christians: on, I hug thee.

Theo. Both hug and holy me, to this *Dorothea*
Flye thou and I, in thunder.

Har. Not for Kingdomes
Pil'd vpon Kingdomes, theres a villaine Page
Waites on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold trafficke with, I do so hate his sight,
That should I looke on him I must sinke downe.

Theo. I will not loose thee then, her to confound,
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine owne as I would wish thee. *exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which euer waites vpon my businesse,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent seruants
That they performe my will in what's enioyn'd them
To'th good of others, else will you find them flyes
Not lying still, yet in them no good lyes:
Be carefull deare Boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistresse. *exit.*

Dor. Now Sir, you may goe on.

Mac. I then must study,

A new Arithmatike, to ſumme vp the vertues
Which *Antonius* gracefully become me,
There is in him ſo much man, ſo much goodneſſe,
So much of honour, and of all things elſe
Which makes our being excellent, that from his ſtore
He can enough lend others, yet much taken from him,
The want ſhall be as little as when Seas
Lend from their bounty to fill vp the pooreneſſe
Of needy Riuers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted, to you for praiſe, then you to him that owes it.

Ma If Queens viewing his preſents, paid to the whitenes
Of your chaſt hand alone ſhould be ambitious,
But to be parted in their numerous ſhares,
This he counts nothing: could you ſee maine Armies
Make battailes in the quarrell of his vallour,
That tis beſt, the trueſt, this were nothing,
The greatneſſe of his State, his fathers voyce
And arme, owing *Cæſares*, he neuer boaſts of
The Sun-beames, which the Emperor throwes vpon him,
Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one ſpot of pride, no deareſt beauty,
All theſe heap'd vp together in one ſcale,
Cannot weigh downe the loue he beares to you
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To ſpeake thus for your friend, you Sir are worthy
Of more then I will number, and this your language
Hath power to win vpon another woman,
Top of whole heart, the feathers of this World
Are gaily ſtuck, but all which firſt you named,
And now this laſt, his loue to me are nothing,

Mac. You make me a ſad Meſſenger. *enter Antonius.*
But himſelfe
Being come in perſon, ſhall I hope heare from you
Muſicke more pleaſing.

Ant. Has your eare *Macrinus*
Heard none then?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart killing with cruelty
A life thats prostrated beneath your feete?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame yet I never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray Sir pardon.

Ant. Good sweetenesse, you now have it, and shall goe,
Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as Farewell,
To let me murmure to your Virgin eare,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue
But this mine owne.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Flye out, I hate you everlastingly.

Ant. My true loue dares not doe it.

Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee.

They whispering below, enter above Sapritius, father to Antoninus, & Governor of Cesaria, with him Artemia the Princesse, Theophilus, Spungius and Hircius.

Spun. See you, doe you see, our worke is done, the fish you angle for is nibling at the hooke, and therefore vntrusse the Codpeece point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heeles.

Tho. The gold you earne is heere, dam vp your mouthes, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much damming neither; I know women sell themselues dayly, and are hacknied out for siluer, why may not we then betray a scuruy mistresse for gold.

Spun. She sau'd vs from the Gallowes, and only to keepe one Prouerbe from breaking his necke, weele hang her.

Tho. Tis well done, go, go, yeare my fine white boyes.

Spun. If your red boyes, tis well knowne, more il-

uour'd faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Thoſe fellowes trouble vs.

Theo. Away, away.

Hir. I to my ſweete placket.

Spun. And I to my fullpot.

Ant. Come, let me tune you, glaze not thus your eyes
With ſelfe-loue of a vowed Virginity,
Make euery man your gaſſe, you ſee our Sex
Doe neuer murther propagation,
We all deſire your ſweete ſociety,
And if you barre me from it, you doe kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O baſe Villaine.

Sap. Bridle your rage ſweete Princeſſe.

Ant. Could not my fortunes
(Rear'd higher farre then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinkes my deare affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of gold,
He that I loue is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower then any ſlaue,
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So inſolent, baſe Chriſtian.

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him
Get you but be his ſeruant, you ſhall boaſt
y'are equall to a King.

Sap. Confuſion on thee,
For playing thus the lying Sorcereſſe.

Ant. Your mockes are great ones, none beneath the Sun
Will I be ſeruant too: on my knees I beg it,
Pitty me wondrous maid.

Sap. I curſe thy baſeneſſe.

Theo. Liſten to more.

Dor. Oh kneele not Sir to me.

Ant. This Knee is Emblem of an humbled heart,
That heart which tortur'd is with your diſdaine,
Iuſtly for ſcorning others, euen this heart,
To which for pitty ſuch a Princeſſe ſues,
As in her hand offers me all the World,

Great

Great *Cæsars* daughter.

Artem. Slaue thou lyeſt.

Anton. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dogge.

Anton. Perhaps
Tis my religion makes you knit the brow,
Yet be you mine, and euer be your owne,
I nere will ſcrew your conſcience from that power
On which you Chriſtians leane.

Sap. I can no longer,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee villaine; ſirra,
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had ſtrucke thee in the wombe.

Mac. We are betrayde.

Arte. Is that your Idoll, traitor, which thou kneelſt to,
Trampling vpon my beauty?

Theoph. Sirra, bandogs,
Wilt thou in peeces teare, our *Iupiter*,
For her? our *Mars*, for her? our *Sol*, for her?
A whore, a hel-hound, in this globe of braines
Where a whole world of tortures for ſuch furies
Haue fought as in a Chaos) which ſhould exceed,
Theſe nailes ſhall grubbing lye, from ſcull to ſcull,
To finde one horrider, then all, for you,
You three.

Artem. Threaten not, but ſtrike, quicke vengeance flies
Into thy boſome, caitife: here all loues dies. *exeunt.*

An. O I am thunder-ſtrucke!
Wee are both ore whelm'd.

Mac. With one high raging billow.

Dor. You a ſouldier,
And ſinke beneath the violence of a woman?

An. A woman is wronged Princeſſe: from ſuch a ſtarre
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for
But tragicall euents? my life is now
The ſubiect of her tyranny.

Dor. That feare, is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth; you onely dread
The stroke, and not what followes when you are dead,
There's the great feare indeed: come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine doe, youle scorne their tyrannies.

Enter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus *a guard*. Angelo *comes and is close by* Dorothea.

Artem. My fathers nerues put vigour in mine arme,
And I his strength must vse; because I once
Shed beames of fauour on thee, and with the Lyon
Playd w't thee gently when thou strokst my heart,
Ile not insult on a base humbled prey,
By lingring out thy terrors, but with one frowne
Kill thee: hence with 'hem to execution.
Seize him, but let euen death it selfe be weary
In torturing her: Ile change those smiles to shreekes,
Giue the foole what she is proud of (martyrdome)
In peeces racke that Bawd to.

Sap. Albeit the reuerence
I owe our gods and you, are in my bosome
Torrents so strong, that pitty quite lies drownd
From hating this yong man, yet when I see
What face death giues him, and that a thing within me,
Sayes 'tis my sonne, I am forc'd to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclayme to haue,
I shall more glory in my sufferings gaine,
Then you in giuing iudgement, since I offer
My blood vp to your anger: nor do I kneele
To keepe a wretched life of mine from ruine:
Preserue this temple (builded faire as yours is)
And *Cæsar* neuer went in greater triumph
Then I shall to the scaffold.

Artem

Artem. Are you so braue Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.
Dore. No, but pitying,
(For my part, I) that you loose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my sinnes, I haue euen
Lobord to breake, and cope with death to th'face;
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, rackes, gibbets, axes, fires
Are scaffoldings, by which my soule climbes vp
To an Eternall habitation.
Theo. *Casars* imperiall daughter, heare me speake,
Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her pageantry
Of prowd deriding, both our gods and *Casar*,
Build to her selfe a kingdome in her death
Going laughing from vs. No, her bitterest torment
Shall be to feele her constancy beaten downe,
The bratery of her resolution lie
Battered by the argument, into such peeces,
That she agen shall (on her belly) creepe
To kisse the pauements of our Panim gods.
Arte. How to be done.
Theo. Ile send my daughters to her,
And they shall turne her rocky faith to waxe,
Else spit at me, let me be made your slaue,
And meete no *Romans* but a villaine graue.
Arte. Thy prisoner let her be then and *Sapritius*
Your sonne, and that be your sides death shall be sent
To him that suffers them by voyce or letters
To greet each other. Rifle her estate,
Christians to beggery brought grow desperate.
Dor. Still on the bread of pouerty let me feed. *exeunt.*
Ang. O my beloued mistresse, quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre downe vpon you: claspe thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these warres
Thy head weare Sun-beames, and thy feet touch starres.

Enter

Enter Hircius *and* Spungius.

Hir. How now *Angelo* how ist? how ist? what thred spins
That whore *Fortune* vpon her wheele now.

Spun. *Comesta, comesta* poore knaue.

Hir. *Com a porte vas, com a porte vas,* my petite garsoone

Spun. Me partha wee Comrade, my halfe inch of mans
Flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ange. Too well on your sides, you are hid in gold
Ore head and eares.

Hir. We thanke our fates, the signe of the gingle-boyes
hangs at the doores of our pockets.

Spun. Who wud thinke that we comming forth of the
arse, as it were, or fag end of the world, should yet see the
golden age, when so little siluer is stirring.

Hir. Nay who can say any citizen is an Asse, for lading
his owne backe, with money, till his soule crackes agen,
onely to leaue his sonne like a gilded coxcombe behinde
him? will not any foole take me for a wiseman now, seeing
me draw out of the pit of my treasury, this little god with
his belly full of gold.

Spun. And this full of the same meate our of my ambery

Ang. That gold will melt to poyson.

Spun. Poyson, wud is wud, whole pinses for healths
shall downe my throate.

Hir. Gold poyson! there's neuer a fire-drether in *Ca-
sarea* that liues on the spalle of money will call it so.

Ang. Like slaues you sold your soules for golden drosse,
Bewitching her to death, who slept betweene
You, and the gallowes.

Spun. T'was an easie matter to saue vs, she being so well
backt.

Hir. The gallowes and we fell out, so she did but part so

Ang. The misery of that misdeede is mine owne,
She beggerd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my Nose drop in sorrow with wet
eyes for her.

Spun.

Spun. The petticote of her estate is vnlac'd I confesse.

Hir. Yes,& the smocke of her charity is now all to pe ce

Ang. For loue you beare to her,for some good turnes
Done you by me,giue me one peece of siluer.

Hir. How is peece of siluer! if thou wert an Angell of gold
I would not put thee into white money, vnlesse I weigh'd
thee,and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A peece of siluer! I neuer had but two calues in my
life, and those my mother left me, Ile rather part from the
fat of them, then from a mustard-tokens worth of Argent.

Hir. And so sweet Nit we crawle from thee.

Spun. *Adieu,demi-dandiprat,adieu*

Ang. Stay one word yet,you now are full of gold.

Hir. Ide be sorry my dog were so full of the poxe.

Spun. Or any Sow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go,y'are beggers both,you are not worth
That leather on your feete. *Hir.* Away, away boy.

Spun. Page you do nothing but set patches on the soles of
your iests.

Ang. I'am glad I tryde your loue,which see I want not,
So long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this.--so long as this.

Hir. *Spungius* y'are a picke-pocket.

Spun. *Hircum* thou hast nimb'd--so long as, not so much
money is left as will buy a louse.

Hir. Th'art a thiefe, and thou lyest in that gut through
which thy wine runs,if thou denyest it.

Spun. Thou lyest deeper then the bottome of mine en-
raged pocket,if thou affrontst it.

Ang. No blowes,no bitter language,all your gold gone.

Spun. Can the diuell creepe into ones breeches?

Hir Yes,if his hornes once get into the codpeece,

Ang. Come,sigh not,I so little am in loue
With that whose losse kils you,that see tis yours,
All yours,deuide the heape in equall share,
So you will goe along with me to prison,
And in our mistresse sorrowes beare a part:
Say,will you? *Both.* Will we?

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallowes should part vs.

Hir. Lets both be turnd into a rope of Onyons if we do

Ang. follow me then, repaire your bad deeds past,
Happy are men whose their best dayes are last.

Spun. True master *Angelo*, pray finde the the way. *exeunt Ang.*

Hir. Let him leade that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I liue in a layle.

Hir. Away and stirr for our selues, theele do wel enough there, for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, then Catchpoles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starue then if a whole layle will not fill her belly. *exeunt*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus 3. Scenus 1.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Calliste, Christeta.

Sapritius. SIcke to the death I feare.
Theophilus. I meete your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a Witch,
A sorceresse *Theophilus*, my sonne
Is charm'd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of waxe, her beames of beauty
Mélt him to nothing, all my hopes in him.
And all his gotten honnours finde their graue
In his strange dotage on her. Would when first
He saw and lou'd her, that the earth had opend
And swallowd both aliue.

Theo. There's hope left yet.

Sap. Not any, though the Princesse were appeasd,
All title in her loue surrendred vp,
Yet this coy Christian, is so transported
With her religion, that vnlesse my sonne
(But let him perish first) drinke the same potion

And

And be of her beleefe, sheele not vouchsafe
To be his lawfull wife.
Priest but once remou'd
From her opinion, as I resolu'd,
The reason of these holy, maydes will win her,
Youle finde her tractable, to any thing
For your content or his.
Theo. If she refuse it,
The Stygian dampes breeding infectious ayres,
The Mandrakes shreekes, or Basilisks killing eye,
The dreadfull lightning that does crush the bones
And never singe the skin, shall not appeare
Lesse fatall to her, then my zeale made hot
With loue vnto my gods: I haue defer'd it
In hope to draw backe this Apostata,
Which will be greater honour then her death
Vnto her fathers faith, and to that end
Haue brought my daughters hither.
Calist. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.
Sap. Let her be sent for,
Prosper in your good worke, and were I not
To attend the Princesse, I would see and heare
How you succeede.
Theo. I am commanded to,
Ile beare you company.
Sap. Giue them your Ring
To leade her as in triumph if they win her
Before her highnesse. *exit Sap.*
Theo. Spare no promises,
Perswasions, or threats I do coniure you,
If you preuayle, 'tis the most glorious worke
You euer vndertooke.

Enter Dorothea *and* Angelo.

Priest. She comes.
Theoph. We leaue you,
Be constant and be carefull. *exeunt Theo. Priest.*

Calliſt. We are ſorry
To meete you vnder guard.
Dorothea. But I more greeu'd
You are at libertie, ſo well I loue you,
That I could wiſh, for ſuch a cauſe as mine
You were my fellow priſoner: prethee *Angelo*
Reach vs ſome chaires, pleaſe you ſit?
Calliſt. We thanke you,
Our viſite is for loue, loue to your ſafetie.
Chriſt. Our conference muſt be priuate, pray you therfore
Command your boy to leaue vs.
Dorothea. You may truſt him
With any ſecret that concernes my life,
Falſhood and he are ſtrangers, had you Ladies
Bene bleſt with ſuch a ſeruant, you had neuer
Forſooke that way (your iourney euen halfe ended)
That leade to ioyes eternall: in the place
Of looſe laſciuious mirth, he would haue ſtird you
To holy meditations, and ſo farre
He is from flattery, that he would haue told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miſerable
And wretched things you were, that for an howre
Of pleaſure here, haue made a deſperate ſale
Of all your right in happineſſe hereafter.
He muſt not leaue me, without him I fall,
In this life he is my ſeruant, in the other
A wiſhed companion
An. Tis not in the diuell,
Nor all his wicked arts to ſhake ſuch goodneſſe.
Doro. But you were ſpeaking Lady.
Calliſt. As a friend
And louer of your ſafety, and I pray you
So to receiue it; and if you remember
How neere in loue our parents were, that we
Eu'n from the cradle were brought vp together.
Our amitie encreaſing with our yeeres,
We cannot ſtand ſuſpected.
Doro. To the purpoſe.

Calliſt.

Cal. We come then as good Angels *Dorothea*,
To make you happy, and the meanes so easie,
That be not you an enemy to your selfe,
Already you enioy it.

Christeta. Looke on vs
Ruin'd as you are once, and brought vnto it
By your perswasion.

Cal. But what follow'd Lady,
Leauing those blessings which our gods giues freely,
And showr'd vpon vs with a prodigall hand,
As to be noble borne, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free vse of these without controule,
Checke, curbe, or stop, (such is our Lawes indulgence)
All happinesse forsooke vs, bonds and fetters
For amorous Twins, the Racke and Hangmans whips
In place of choise delights, our Parents curses
Instead of blessings, scorne neglect, contempt
Fell thick vpon vs.

Chri. This consider'd wisely,
We made a faire retreate, and reconcil'd
To our forsaken gods, we liue againe
In all posterity.

Calist. By our example
Bequeathing misery to such as loue it,
Learne to be happy, the Christian yokes too heauy
For such a dainty necke, it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus*, or a Pillar
More precious then Christall to support
Our *Cupids* Image, our Religion Lady
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toyle
Slaues would shrinke vnder.

Doro. Haue you not clouen feete? are you not diuels?
Dare any say so much, or dare I heare it
Without a vertuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime,
Then in a bad cause to be impudent.

Your Gods, your temples, brothell houses rather,
Or wicked actions of the worst of men
Purſu'd and practis'd, your religious rites,
O call them rather iugling myſteries,
The baytes and nets of hell, your ſoules the prey
For which the Diuell angles, your falſe pleaſures
A ſteepe deſcent by which you headlong fall
Into eternall torments.

Cal. Doe not tempt
Our powerfull gods.

Dor. Which of your powerfull gods,
Your gold, your ſiluer, braſſe, or woodden ones?
That can, nor do me hurt, nor protect you,
Moſt pitied women, will you ſacrifice
To ſuch, or call them gods or goddeſſes,
Your Parents would diſdaine to be the ſame,
Or you your ſelues? O blinded ignorance,
Tell me *Caliſte* by the truth I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more deere, would you
To haue him deifide to poſterity,
Deſire your father an Adulterer,
A Rauiſher, almoſt a Paracide,
A vile inceſtuous wretch?

Cal. That pitty
And duty anſwere for me.

Dor. Or you *Chriſtina*,
To be hereafter regiſtred a goddeſſe,
Giue your chaſt body vp to the embraces
Of Goatiſh luſt, haue it writ on your forehead,
This is the common Whoore, the proſtitute,
The Miſtreſſe in the art of wantonneſſe,
Knowes euery trieke and labyrinth of deſires
That are immodeſt.

Criſte. You iudge better of me,
Or my affection is ill plac'd on you,
Shall I turne Scrimper?

Dor. No, I thinke you would not,
Yet *Venus* whom you worſhip was a whore,

Flora the Foundreſſe of the publike Stewes,
And has for that her ſacrifice: your great god,
Your *Iupiter*, a looſe adulterer,
Inceſtuous with his ſiſter, reade but thoſe
That haue canoniz'd them, youle find them worſe
Then in chaſt language I can ſpeakes them to you,
Are they immortall then that did partake
Of humane weakeneſſe, and had ample ſhare
In mens moſt baſe affections? ſubiect to
Vnchaſt loues, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are.
Her *Iupiter* to ſerue his luſt turn'd *Bull*.
The ſhip indeede in which he ſtole *Europa*.
Neptune for gaine builds vp the walls of *Troy*
As a day-labourer, *Apollo* keepes
Admetus ſheepe for bread; the *Lemnian* Smith
Sweats at the Forge, for hire; *Lycurgus* heere
With his ſtill growing Liuer feedes the Vulture;
Saturne bound faſt in hell with adamant chaines;
And thouſands more, on whom abuſed error
Beſtowes a diety, will you then deere Siſters,
For I would haue you ſuch, pay your Deuotions
To things of leſſe power then your ſelues?

Cal. We worſhip
Their good deedes in their Images.

Dor. By whom faſhion'd,
By ſinfull men? Ile tell you a ſhort tale,
Nor can you but confeſſe it was a true one.
A King of Ægypt being to erect
The Image of *Oſiris*, whom they honour,
Tooke from the Matrons necks the richeſt Iewels
And pureſt gold, as the materialls
To finiſh vp his worke; which perfected,
With all ſolemnity he ſet it vp
To be ador'd, and ſeru'd himſelfe his Idoll;
Deſiring it to giue him victory
Againſt his enemies, but being ouerthrowne,
Enrag'd againſt his god (theſe are fine gods
Subiect to humane fury) he tooke downe

The

The senceleſſe thing, and melting it againe,
He made a Baſing, in which Eunuches waſh'd
His Concubines feete, and for this ſordid vſe
Some moneths it ſeru'd: his miſtreſſe prouing falſe,
As moſt indeede do ſo, and grace concluded,
Betweene him and the Prieſts, of the ſame Baſing
He made his god againe, thinke, thinke of this,
And then conſider, if all worldly honors
Or pleaſures that do leaue ſharpe ſtings behind them,
Haue power to win ſuch as haue reaſonable ſoules,
To put their truſt in droſſe.

Cal. Oh that I had beene borne
Without a father.

Chri. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd vs for euer.

Dor. Thinke not ſo,
You may repaire all yet, the Attribute
That ſpeakes his Godhead moſt, is mercifull,
Reuenge is proper to the Fiends you worſhip,
Yet cannot ſtrike without his leaue, you weepe,
Oh tis a heauenly ſhowre, celeſtiall balme
To cure your wounded conſcience, let it fall,
Fall thick vpon it, and when that is ſpent,
Ile helpe it with another of my teares.
And may your true repentance proue the child
Of my true ſorrow, neuer mother had
A birth ſo happy.

Cal. We are caught our ſelues
That came to take you, and aſſur'd of conqueſt
We are your Captiues.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
Your victory had beene eternall loſſe,
And this your loſſe immortall gaine, fixe heere,
And you ſhall feele your ſelues inwardly arm'd
Gainſt tortures, death, and hell, but take heede ſiſters,
That or through weakeneſſe, threats, or mild perſwaſions
Though of a father, you fall not into
A ſecond and a worſe Apoſtacie.

Cal. Ne-

Cal. Never, oh never, shed by your example,
We dare the worst of tyrranny.
Chri. Heer's our warrant,
You shall along and witnesse it.
Dor. Be confirm'd then
And rest assur'd, the more you loather here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more deere. *exeunt.*

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Art. *Sapritius* though your sonne deserue no pitty,
We grieue his sicknesse, his contempt of vs
We cast behinde vs, and looke backe vpon
His seruice done to *Cæsar*, that weighs downe
Our best displeasure, if his malady
Haue growth from his restraint, or that you thinke
His liberty can cure him, let him haue it,
Say we forgiue him freely.
Sap. Your grace binds vs
Euer your humblest Vassals.
Art. We all meanes
For his recouery, though yet I loue him,
I will not force affection, if the Christian
Whose beauty hath out-riuald mine, be wonne
To be of our beliefe, let him enioy her,
That all may know when the cause wills, I can
Command my owne desires.
Theo. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident
Such eloquence and sweete persuasion dwels
Vpon my Daughters tongues, that they will worke her
To any thing they please.
Sap. I wish they may,
Yet tis no easie taske to vndertake,
To alter a peruerse and obstinate woman. *a shout within, loud Musicke.*
Art. What meanes this shout.
Sap. Tis seconded with Musicke, *Enter Sempronius.*
Triumphant musicke, ha.
Semp. My Lord your Daughters

The pillars of our faith hauing conuerted,
For so report giues out, the Christian Lady,
The Image of great *Iupiter* borne before them
Sue for accesse.

Theo. My soule diuin'd as much,
Blest be the time when first they saw this light,
Their Mother when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart
With so much ioy, as they in this good worke
Haue throwne vpon me.

Enter Priest with the Image of Iupiter, Incense and Censers, followed by Calista, and Christeta, leading Dorothea,

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body and my mind,
Let me embrace in you my blisse, my comfort,
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you neuer had falne off, I am rauish'd
With the excesse of ioy, speake happy daughters
The blest euent.

Cal. We neuer gain'd so much
By any vndertaking.

Theo. Oh my deare Girle,
Our gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was euer time
On my part better spent.

Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.

Theo. My best *Christeta*,
Madame if euer you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your Princely hands.

Art. Most willingly:
Doe you refuse it?
Let vs first deserue it:

Theo. My owne child still, heere set our god, prepare
The Incense quickly, come faire *Dorothea*,
I will my selfe support you, now kneele downe

And

And pay your vowes to *Iupiter*,
Dor. I shall doe it
Better by their example.
Tho. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice,
Forward my Twinnes of comfort, and to teach her
Make a ioynt offring.
Chri. Thus. *Cal.* And thus. *They both spit at the Image, throw it downe, and spurne it.*
Har. Profane
And impious, stand you now like a Statue?
Are you the Champion of the Gods? where is
Your holy zeale, your anger?
Tho. I am blasted,
And as my feete were rooted heere, I finde
I haue no motion, I would I had no sight too,
Or if my eyes can serue to any vse,
Giue me thou iniur'd power a Sea of teares,
To expiate this madnesse in my Daughters
For being themselues, they would haue trembled at
So blasphemous a deede in any other,
For my sake hold awhile thy dreadfull thunder,
And giue me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.
Dor. Twas brauely done. (you
Tho. Peace damn'd Enchantres peace, I should looke on
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand
That shakes with rage should much outstrip my tongue,
And seale my vengeance on your hearts, but nature
To you that haue falne once, bids me againe
To be a father, O how durst you tempt
The anger of great *Ioue*?
Dor. Alacke poore *Ione*,
He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
Heele take a kick, or any thing.
Sap. Stop her mouth.
Dor. It is the ancientst godling, do not feare him,
He would not hurt the thiefe that stole away
Two of his golden locks, indeede he could not,

And ſtill tis the ſame quiet thing.

Theo. Blaſphemer,
Ingenious cruelty ſhall puniſh this,
Thou art paſt hope, but for you yet deare daughters,
Againe bewitcht, the dew of mild forgiuenesse
May gently fall, prouided you deſyre it
With true contrition, be your ſelues againe,
Sue to the offended diety.

Chi. Not to be
The Miſtreſſe of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A graine of Incenſe to it, much leſſe kneele,
Not looke on it but with contempt and ſcorne,
To haue a thouſand yeares conferr'd vpon me
Of worldly bleſſings, we profeſſe our ſelues
To be like *Dorothea*, Chriſtians,
And owe her for that happineſſe.

Theo. My eares
Receiue in hearing this, a deadly charmes
Powerfull to make men wretched.

Art. Are theſe they
You brag'd could conuerte others?

Sap. That want ſtrength
To ſtand themſelues?

Har. Your Honour is ingag'd,
The credit of our cauſe depends vpon it,
Something you muſt doe ſuddenly.

Theo. And I will.

Har. They merit death, but falling by your hand,
It will be recorded for a iuſt reuenge
And holy fury in you.

Theo. Doe not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath twice hot already,
Ætna is in my breſt, wildfire burnes heere,
Which onely bloud muſt quench: Incenſed power,
Which from my infancy I haue ador'd,
Looke downe with fauourable beames vpon
The Sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Prieſt)

Which

Which I will offer to thee, and be pleasde
(My furie zeale inciting me to act it)
To call that iustice, others may (like murther.
Come you accursd, thus by the haire I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus looke on you
Let lyons thrill their Tigres to their prey.
And thus with mine owne hand I take that life
Which I gaue to you. *kils them.*

Dor. O most cruell Butcher.

Theo. My anger ends not here, hels dreadfull porter
Receiue into thy euer open gates
Their damned soules, and let the furies whips
On them alone be wasted, and when death
Closes these eyes, twill be *Elesium* to me,
To heare their shrieches and howlings, make me *Pluto*
Thy instrument to furnish thee with soules
Of this accursed sect, nor let me fall
Till my full vengeance hath consum'd them all.

exit with Harpax hugging him.

Enter Artemia laughing.

Arte. Tis a braue zeale.

Dor. O call him backe againe,
Call backe your hangman, here's on prisoner left
To be the subiect of his knife.

Arte. Not so.
We are not so neere reconcilde vnto thee,
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way.
Be she your charge *Sapritius* now, and suffer
None to come neere her till we haue found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ant. Courage Mistresse,
These Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *exeunt.*

Enter Spungius *and* Hircius *ragged at seuerall doores.*

Hir. Spungius.

Spun. My fine rogue, how ist? how goes this tottered world

Hir. Haſt any money?

Spun. Money! no, the Tauerne-luy clings about my money and kils it. Haſt thou any mony?

Hir. No, my mony i' a mad Bull, and finding any gap opend, away it runs.

Spun. I ſee then a Tauerne and a Bawdy-houſe haue faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the tother has peeping holes within doores; the Tauerne hath euermore a buſh, the bawdy cloſe ſometimes neither hedge nor buſh. From a Tauerne a man comes reeling, from a bawdy houſe not able to ſtand. In the Tauerne you are confeud with paltry Wine, in a bawdy-houſe by a painted Whore, Money may haue Wine, and a Whore will haue Mony, but neither can you cry, Drawer you Rogue, or keepe doore rotten Bawde, without a ſiluer Whiſtle, wee are iuſtly plagued therefore for running from our Miſtreſſe.

Hir. Thou didſt, I did not; yet I had run to, but that one gaue me turpentine pilles, & that ſtayde my running.

Spun. Well: the thred of my life is drawne through the needle of neceſſity, whoſe eye looking vpon my lowſie breeches, cryes out it cannot mend 'em; which ſo prickes the linings of my body, and thoſe are Heart, Lights, Lungs, Guts, and Midriffe, that I beg on my knees to haue *Atropos* (the Tailer to the deſtinies) to take her ſheares and cut my thred in two, or to heate the Iron gooſe of Mortalitie, and ſo preſſe me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was ſome botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off theſe ſhreds of complaints, to patch vp the elbowes of thy nittie eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler, a Cobler whoſe zeale ſet many a woman vpright, the remembrance of whoſe Awle I now hauing nothing, thruſts ſuch ſcuruy ſtitches into my ſoule, that the heele of my happines has gone awry.

Spun. Pitty that ere thou trodſt thy ſhooe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot laſt, for all ſowterly waxe of comfort melting away, and miſery taking the length of my foote, it

bootes not me to sue for life when all my hopes are seamerent, and go wetshod.

Spun. This shewes th'art a Coblers son by going through stitch: O *Hireius* wud thou & I were so happy to be coblers

Hir. So would I, for both of vs being now wearie of our lives, should then be sure of shoomakers ende.

Spun. I see the beginning of my ende for I am almost staru'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more then famishd.

Spun. All the members of my bodie are in rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a cooke being a constable can appease them, presenting to my nose, in stead of his painted staffe, a spit full of rost-meate.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what vproares do they make, my belly cries to my mouth, why dost not gape & feed me

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throate to my hand why dost not thou lift vp meate and cramme my choppes with it.

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they looke not out and sharke for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of teares, crie alowd, and curse my feet for not ambling vp and downe to feede Colon, sithence if good meate be in any place, tis knowne my feet can smell.

Spu. But then, my feet like lazie rogues lie still, and had rather do nothing, then run to and fro, to purchase any thing

Hir. Why mong so many millions of people, should thou and I onely bee miserable totterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lowsie desperates.

Spun. Thou art a meere *I am so, I am so*, consider the whole world, and tis as we are.

Hir. Lowsie, beggerly, thou whorson *Assa Fatida*.

Spun. Worse, al tottrings, al out of frame, thou *Foolisimi*

Hir. As how *forsooke* come make the world smart.

Sp. Old Honor goes on crutches, beggry rides caroched, honest men make feastes, knaues sit at tables, cowards are lapt in veluet, souldiers (as wee) in ragges; Beautie turnes whore,

Whore, Whore Bawd, and both dye of the poxe why then when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walke vpright?

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, looke who's yonder.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*! how does my little man? well.

Ang. Yes, and would you did so, where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! you see euery woman almost goe in her loose gowne, and why should not wee haue our clothes loose?

Spun. Wud they were loose.

Ang. Why where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloke I warrant at this houre keepes them company, they are pawnd to a Broker.

Ang. Why pawnd, where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold! we put that into a Scriueners hands, and he has cousend vs.

Spun. And therefore I prethee *Angelo*, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to deuastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lyes? I know which way
Your gilt-wing'd peeces flew; I will no more
Be mock'd by you: be sorry for your ryots,
Tame your wilde flesh by labor, eate the bread
Got with hard hands: let sorrow be your whip
To draw drops of repentance from your heart,
When I reade this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want, till then my pitty dies.

Spun. Is't not a shame that this scuruy *Puerile* should giue vs lessons?

Hir. I haue dwelt thou knowst long time in the Suburbs of the conscience, and they are euer bawdy, but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter Harpax *aloofe.*

Spun. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of Beggery, the sound of Score a pottle of sack, is worse then the noyse of a scolding oyster wench, or two Cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be, I doe not like when conscience

Thawes

Thewes, keepe her frozen still: how now my master?
Dejected, droopings, drown'd in teares, clothes torne,
Leane, and ill-colour'd, sighing? what the whirlewinde
Which raiseth all these mischiefes? I haue seene you
Drawne better on't. O! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Your selues into the seruice of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die; where's now her praying
What good got you by wearing out our knees,
To run on scurvy errands to the poore,
And to beare money to a sort of rogues,
And lowsie prisoners.

Hir. A pox on 'em, I never prosperd since I did it.

Spun. Had I bin a Pagan still, I could not haue spit white for want of drinke, but come to any Vintner now and bid him trust me, because I turnd Christian, and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are righly seru'd, before that peeuish Lady
Had to doe with you, weomen, wine, and money
Flow'd in aboundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh! those dayes, those dayes.

Har. Beat not your browes, teare not your haire in madnes
Those dayes shall come vp on be rulde by me,
And better (marke me) better.

Spun. I haue seen you sir as I take it, an attendant on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Har. Yes, yes, to shew his seruant, but harke hither.
Take heed no body listens. *Spun.* Not a Mouse stirres.

Har. I am a Prince disguisde.

Hir. Disguisde thou'rt drunke,

Har. Yes my fine boye, Ile drinke to, and be drunke,
I am a Prince, and any man by me
(Let him but keepe my rules) shall soone grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich,
He that shall serue me, is not starv'd from pleasures
As other poore knaues are; no, take their fill,

Spun. But that sir, we are so ragged—

Har. Youle say, you'd serue me.

Hir. Before any master vnder the Zodiake.

Harp. For clothes no matter, I haue a mind to both,
And one thing I like in you, no matter you for
The bonefire of your Ladyes fine purueyors,
You giue it ouer, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hangd. *Spun.* And good.

Harp. Why now y'are mine,
Come let my bosome touch you.

Spun. We haue huggers Sir.

Hir. Ther's money, fetch your cloths home, theres for you

Hir. Auoid Vermine: giue ouer your mistresse! a man cannot prosper worse if he serue the diuell.

Har. How? the diuell! Ile tell you what now of the diuell, He's no such horrid creature, clouen footed,
Blacke, saucer eyde, his nostrils breathing fire,
As theile lying Christians make him.

Both. No! *Har.* He's more louing,
To man, then man to man is.

Hir. Is hee so, I wish we might come acquainted with him.

Har. You shall: he's a mondrous good fellow, loues a cup of wine, a whore, any thing, you know wee'ny, in a manner one but Ile bring him to your house, I warrant you for that.

Spun. Ile bespeake the best venison ith' house for him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Weele giue him no such cause.

Har. He hates a ciuill Lawyer, as a souldier does peace.

Spun. How a commoner?

Har. Loues him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the diuell eate any Mace in's broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feauer takes him, and then hee has the knuckles of a Bailiffe boyld to his breakefast.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loues a Catchpole does he not?

Har. As a Bearward does a dog, a Catchpole the has sworn if euer he dies, to make a Seriant his heire, and a Yeoman his ouerseer.

Spun.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate, will the Porter let him come in?

Har. Oh, hee loues Porters of great mens gates, because they are euer so neere the dicers.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroking their cheekes, leade hellish liues vnder him.

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damn' before he hurts any man. Doe but you (when y'are throughly acquainted with him) aske for any thing, see if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing?

Har. Call for a delicate rare whore; she's brought you.

Hir. Oh my elbow itches: will the diuel keepe the dore?

Har. Be drunke as a begger, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine diuel! some watchman I warrant, I wonder who's his constable.

Har. Will you sweare, roare, swagger? he claps you.

Hir. How? ath' chops.

Har. No, ath' shoulder, and cries O my braue boy. Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Which is word, hang, hang, is nothing. Or stab a woman.

Hir. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here's the worst word he giues you, a pox on't goe on.

Hir. O inueagling rascall, I am ravished.

Har. Go, get your clothes, turne vp your glasse of youth, And let the sands run merily, nor do I care From what a lauish hand your money flies, So you giue none away, lewd beggers.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Har. And to the scrubbing poore.

Hir. Ile see 'em hanged first.

Har. One seruice you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your Mistresse Dorothea, ere she suffers, Is to be put to torments, know you how? To teare her into shreddes, or flesh her soule

Vp in the Pangs of death, yet not to die,

Her. Suppose this shee, and that I had no hands, heere's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, heere's my nailes.

Her. But will not you be there sir.

Her. No, not for hils of diamonds, the grand Master Who schooles her in the Christian discipline, Abhorres my company, should I be there, You'd thinke all hell broke loose, we fall so quarrell. Plie you this businesse, be her first subscribers Is lost, and in my love never more shares.

Spun. Here's a Master you rogue!

Her. Sure he cannot chuse but have a horrible number of seruants.

Finis Actus tertius.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

A bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it, to whom Phylotimus, a Physitian, and him, Sapritius *and* Macrinus.

Sap. O You that are halfe gods, be sighted that life! Their dieties lend vs, turne ore all the volumes Of your mysteriously artificiall friends, There's the number of this young mans yeares, And for each minute of his time prolong'd Your fee shall be a peece of Romane gold With *Cæsars* stampe, such as he sends his Captaines When in the warres they earne well: do but saue him, And as he is halfe my sonne, be your halfe mine.

Dott. What art can do, we practise: Phisicks hand As apt is to destroy, as to preserue, If heauen make not the medicine, all this while Our skill hath combat held with his infection, But tis so armd, and a deepe melancholy To be such in part with death, we cannot subdue

The graue muſt mocke our labours.

Mac. I haue beene
His keeper in this ſickneſſe, with ſuch eyes
As I haue ſeene my mother watch ore me,
And from that obſeruation ſure I finde,
It is a Midwife muſt deliuer him.

Sap. Is he with child, a Midwife?

Mac. Yes; With child.
And will I feare loſe life if by a woman
He is not brought to bed: ſtand by his Pillow
Some little while, and in his broken ſlumbers
Him ſhall you heare cry out on *Dorothea*,
And when his armes flye open to catch her,
Cloſing together, he falls faſt aſleepe,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy formes;
Phyſicians but torment him, his diſeaſe
Laughs at their gibriſh language, let him heare
The voyce of *Dorothea*, nay but the name,
He ſtarts vp with high colour in his face,
Shee or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Princeſſe ſtrict command, hauing that happines)
To me impoſſible ſeemes.

Sap. To me it ſhall not.
Ile be no ſubiect to the greateſt *Ceſar*
Was euer crown'd with Lawrell, rather then ceaſe
To be a father.

Mac. Silence ſir, he wakes.

Ant. Thou kilſt me *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.

Mac. Shees heere; I enioy her.

Ant. Where, Why doe you mocke me,
Age on my head hath ſtuck no white haires yet,
Yet I'me an old man, a fond doting foole
Vpon a woman, I to buy her beauty,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And ſhe for my acquaintance hazards hers,
Yet for our equall ſuffrings, none holds out
A hand of pitty.

Dalf. Let him haue ſome Muſicke.

Ant. Hell on your fidlings!

Dor. Take againe your bed Sir,
Sleepe is a soueraigne Phyſicke.

Ant. Take an Aſſes head Sir,
Confuſion on your ſorceries, your charmes,
Thou ſlinking Gliſter-pipe, where's the god of reſt,
Thy Pills, and baſe Apothecary drugges
Threatned to bring vnto me, out you Impoſtors,
Quackſaluing, cheating Mountebankes, your skill
Is to make ſounde men ſicke, and ſicke men kill.

Mac. O be your ſelfe *Antonio*,

An. My ſelfe *Antonio*,
How can I be my ſelfe, when I am mangled
Into a thouſand peeces, heere moues my head,
But where's my heart where euer that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius and Dorothea by the Doore, Angelo attending.

Sap. Follow me thou damn'd Sorceres, call vp thy ſpirits,
And if they can, now beat me from my hand
Vnt wine theſe witching haires.

Ant. I am that ſpirit,
Or if I be not (were you not my father)
One made of ſteele ſhould hew that hand in peeces
That ſo defaces this ſweete Monument
Of my loues beauty?

Sap. Art thou ſicke?

Ant. To death.

Sap. Wouldſt thou recouer?

Ant. Would I liue in bliſſe?

Sap. And doe thine eyes ſhoote daggers at that man
That brings thee health?

Ant. It is not in the world?

Sap. Iſt heere?

Ant. Oh Treaſure, by enchantment lockt
In Caues as deepe as hell, am I as neere.

Sap. Breake that enchanted Caue, enter and riſle.

The ſpoyles thy luſt hunts after, I deſcend
To a baſe office, and become thy Pandar
In bringing thee this proud Thing, make her thy Whore,
Thy healthies heere if ſhe deny to giue it,
Force it, imagine thou ſtand'ſt in a cowrie,
Weake wall, too't, tis mine owne, beat but this downe,
Come, and vnſeene, be witneſſe to this battry,
How the coy Nimph yeelds.
Dulc. Shall the boy ſtay ſir.
Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are vs'd to theſe odde bawdy
Shufflings, and indeede are thoſe
Little yong ſnakes in a Furies head
Will ſting worſe then the great ones,
Let the Pimpe ſtay. *exeunt aſide.*
Dor. O guard me Angels,
What Tragedy muſt begin now?
Ant. When a Tyger
Leapes into a tymerous heard, with ranenous lawes
Being hunger-ſtarv'd, what Tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death I am happy ſo, you hitherto
Haue ſtill had goodnes ſpard within your eyes,
Let not that Orbe be broken.
Ant. Feare not Miſtreſſe,
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are ſtrong enough for ſuch a ſickly man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpoſe ſir, your eye
Beares danger in it?
Ant. I muſt.
Dor. What.
Sap. Speake it out.
Ant. Climbe that ſweete Virgin tree.
Sap. Plague a your trees.
Ant. And pluck that fruit which none I think euer taſted.
Sap. A ſouldier, and ſtand fumbling ſo.
Dor. O Kill me, *Kneeles.*
And heauen will take it as a ſacrifice,
But if you play the Rauiſher, there is

A Hell to ſwallow you.

Sap. Let her ſwallow thee.

Ant. Riſe for the Romane Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour, pleaſure forc'd
Are vnripe Apples, ſowre, not worth the plucking,
Yet let me tell you, tis my fathers will,
That I ſhould ſeize vpon you as my prey.
Which I abhorre as much as the blackeſt ſinne
The villany of man did euer act. *Saprinius breakes in*

Ang. Dye happy for this language. *and Macrinus.*

Sap. Dye a ſlaue,
A blockiſh Ideot.

Mac. Deare ſir, vexe him not.

Sap. Yes, and vexe thee too, both I thinke are geldings,
Cold, Phlegmatike Baſtard, th'art no brat of mine,
One ſparke of me, when I had heate like thine
By this had made a Bonefire (a tempting whore
(For whom th'art mad) thruſt euen into thine armes,
And ſtandſt thou puling? had a Taylor ſeene her
Her at this aduantage, he with his croſſe-capers
Had ruſled her by this, but thou ſhalt curſe
Thy dalliance, and heere before her eyes
Teare thy fleſh in peeces, when a ſlaue
In hot luſt bathes himſelfe, and gluts thoſe pleaſures
Thy niceneſſe durſt not touch, call out a ſlaue,
You Captaine of our guard, fetch a ſlaue hither.

Ant. What will you do deere Sir.

Sap. Teach her a trade, which many would learne
In leſſe then halfe an houre, to play the Whore.

Enter a Slaue.

Mac. A Slaue is to me, what now.

Sap. Thou haſt bones and fleſh
Enough to ply thy labour, from what country
Wert thou tane Priſoner, heere to be our ſlaue.

Slaue. From Brittaine.

Sap. In the weſt Ocean.

Slaue

Sla. Yes.
Sap. An Iland?
Sla. Yes.
Sap. I am fitted of all Nations
Our Romane ſwords euer conquer'd, none comes neere
The *Brittaine* for true whooring: ſirrah fellow,
What wouldſt thou doe to gaine thy liberty?
Sla. Doe! liberty! fight naked with a Lyon,
Venture to plucke a Standard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion: liberty! I de thus
Beſtride a Rampire, and defiance ſpit
I'th face of death; then, when the battring Ram
Were fetching his careere backward to paſh
Me with his hornes in peeces: to ſhake my chaines off,
And that I could not doo't but by thy death,
Stoodſt thou on this dry ſhore, I on a rock
Ten Piramids high, downe would I leape to kill thee,
Or dye my ſelfe: what is for man to doe
Ile venture on, to be no more a ſlaue.
Sap. Thou ſhalt then be no ſlaue, for I will fet thee
Vpon a peece of worke is fit for man,
Braue for a Brittaine, drag that Thing aſide
And raviſh her.
Sla. And raviſh her! is this your manly ſeruice,
A Diuell ſcornes to doo't, tis for a beaſt,
A villaine, not a man, I am as yet
But halfe a ſlaue, but when that worke is paſt,
A damned whole one, a blacke vgly ſlaue,
The ſlaue of all baſe ſlaues, doo't thy ſelfe Roman,
Tis drudgery fit for thee.
Sap. Hees bewitch'd too,
Binde him, and with a Baſtinado giue him
Vpon his naked belly 200. blowes.
Sla. Thou art more ſlaue then I. *exit carried in.*
Dor. That power ſuper nall on whom waites my ſoule,
Is Captaine ore my chaſtity. *Ant.* Good ſir giue ore,
The more you wrong her, your ſelfes vex'd the more,
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus downe I throw

Thy Harlot thus bi'th haire, naile her to earth,
Call in ten flaues, let euery one diſcouer,
What luſt-deſires, and ſurfet heere his fill,
Call in ten flaues.

Ang. They are come ſir at your call.

Sap. Ooh. *Falls downe.*

Enter Theophilus.

The. Where is the Gouernour?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

The. My Lord, *Sapritius*, hee's not dead, my Lord,
That Witch there.

Ant. Tis no Romane gods can ſtrike
Theſe fearefull terrors, O thou happy maid,
Forgiue this wicked purpoſe of my father.

Dor. I doe.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: tis thou
Haſt done this act internall.

Dor. Heauen pardon you,
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance downe
(I can no myracles worke) yet from my ſoule
Pray to thoſe powers I ſerue, he may recouer.

The. He ſtirres, helpe, raiſe him vp, my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheeke is blaſted.

Sap. *Blaſted!* Wheres the *Lamia*
That teares my entrailes? I'me bewitch'd, ſeize on her!

Dor. I'me heere, do what you pleaſe.

The. Spurne her too'th barre.

Dor. Come boy, being there, more neere to heauen we are

Sap. Kicke harder, goe out witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloudy hangmen, thine own gods giue thee breth,
Each of thy tortors is my ſeuerall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax Hircius, and Spunge.

Har. Doe you like my ſeruice now, ſay am not I
A Maſter worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance, I had rather licke cleane the ſoles of

Your

your dusty bootes, then weare the richest sute of any infected Lord, whose rotten life hangs betweene the 2 Poles.

Hir. A Lords sute! I wud not giue vp the cloake of your seruice to meet the splay-foot estate of any lefty'd knight aboue the Antipodes, because they are vnlucky to meete.

Har. This day Ile try your loues to me, tis onely
But well to vse the agility of your armes,

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legges.

Spun. Thou't runne into some hole.

Hir. If I meet one that's more thē my match, & that I cannot stand in their hands, I must & will creep on my knees.

Har. Heere me my little teeme of villaines, heare me,
I cannot teach you Fencing with these Cudgels,
Yet you must vse them, lay them on but soundly,
Thats all.

Hir. Nay if we come to malling once, puh,

Spun. But what Wall-nut tree is it we must beate.

Har. Your Mistresse.

Hir. How! my Mistresse! I begin to haue a Christians heart, made of sweet butter, I melt, I cannot strike a womā.

Hir. Nor I, vnlesse she scratch, bum my mistresse!

Har. Y'are Coxecombes, silly Animals,

Hir. Whats that?

Har. Drones, Asses, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust
Your armes out to catch Fortune, say you fall off,
It must be done you are conuerted Rascalls,
And that once spred abroad, why euery slaue
Will kicke you, call you motley Christians,
And halfe fac'd Christians. (leather,

Spun. The guts of my conscience beginne to be of white-

Hir. I doubt me I shall haue no sweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meete
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Doe this, and euery god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall adde a fadome to your line of yeeres.

Spun. A hundred fadome, I desire no more.

Hir. I

Hir. I desire but one inch longer,

Har. The Senators will as you passe along
Clap you vpon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand giue you gold, when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be can get a nayle,
The paring——, nay the durt vnder the nayle
Of any of you both, to say this durt
Belong'd to *Spungius* or *Hercius*.

Spun. They shall not want durt vnder my nayles, ile keepe 'em long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to bee at her.

Hir. The first thing I doe Ile take her ore the lips.

Spun And I the hips, we may strike any where.

Har. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where ile hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine owne; stand by, I must not
To see this done, great businesse calls me hence,
Hee's made can make her curse his violence. *exit.*

Spun. Feare it not sir, her ribs shall be basted.

Hir. Ile come vpon her with rounce, robble-bobble, and thwicke thwacke thirlery bouncing.

Enter Dorothea *lead Prisoner, a Guard attending, a Hangman with Cords in some vgly shape, set vp a Pillar in the middle of the stage, Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angelo by her.*

Sap. According to our Romane customes, binde
That Christian to a Pillar.

Theo. Infernall Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To teare thy flesh, thy soule, tis not a torture
Fit to the Vengeance, I should heape on thee,
For wrongs done me: me! for flagitious facts
By thee done to our gods, yet (so it stand
To great *Cesarean* Gouernors high pleasure)
Bow but thy Knee to *Iupiter* and offer
Any slight sacrifice, or doe but sweare

By

By Cæsars fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæsars* fortune, were it chaind
To more worlds, then are kingdomes in the world,
And all those worlds drawne after him: I defie
Your hangmen; you now shew me whither to flie.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrinke not deere mistresse.

Both. My Lord, we are ready for the businesse.

Dor. You two! whom I like fosterd children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starued life with bread.
You be my hangman! whom when vp the ladder
Death hald you to be strangled, I fetcht downe
Clothd you, and warmd you, you two my tormentors.

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Diuine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike. *strike at her: Angelo kneeles.*

Theo. Beate out her braines—— *they holds her fast.*

Dor. Receiue me you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaues.

Spun. Faster: I am out of breath I am sure: if I were to beate a bucke, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Ioy aboue ioys, are my tormentors wearie
In torturing me, and in my suffrings
I fainting in no limbe: tyrants strike home
And feast your fury full.

Theo. These dogs are curs. *comes from his seate.*
Which snarle, yet bite not: see my Lord, her face
Has more bewitching beauty then before,
Prowd whore: it smiles, cannot an eye start out
With these.

Hir. No sir, not the brigde of her nose fall, tis full of Iron worke.

Sap. Lets view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit.

Ang. There fixe thine eye still, thy glorious crown must (come
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdome,
There fixe thine eye still, when we next do meet,

Not thornes, but roſes ſhall beare vp thy feet:
There fixe thine eye ſtill. *exit.*

Enter Harpax *ſpeaking.*

Dor. Euer, euer, euer.

Theo. Wee are mock'd, theſe bats haue power downe to fell gyants, yet her skin is not ſcar'd.

Sap. What rogues are theſe.

Theo. Cannot theſe force a ſhreeke. *beats them.*

Spun. Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now fiue more are broken.

Theo. Cannot this make her roare. *beates tother he roares.*

Sa. Who hir'd theſe ſlaues? what are they?

Spun. We ſerue that noble Gentleman there, he entiſde vs to this dry-beating, oh for one halfe pot.

Har. My ſeruants! two baſe rogues, & ſometimes ſeruants To her, and for that cauſe forbeare to hurt her.

Sap. Vnbinde her, hang vp theſe.

Theo. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang vs! maſter *Harpax*, what a diuell ſhall we be thus vſde.

Har. What bandogs but you two wud worry a woman! Your miſtreſſe'll but clapt you, you flew on:
Say I ſhould get your liues, each raſcall begger
Would when he met you, cry, out hellhounds, traitors
Spit at you, fling durt at you, and no woman
Euer endure your ſight: this your beſt courſe
(Now had you ſecret kniues) to ſtab your ſelues,
But ſince you haue not, goe and be hang'd.

Hir. I thanke you.

Har. Tis your beſt courſe.

Theo. Why ſtay they trifling here?
To gallowes drag 'em by the heeles: away.

Spun. By the heeles! no ſir, wee haue legges to doe vs that ſeruice.

Hir. I, I; if no woman can endure my ſight, away with me. *exeunt.*

Har. Diſpatch 'em.

Spun. The diuell diſpatch thee. *exit.*

Sap.

Sap. Death this day ride in triumph, *Theophilus.*
See this witch made away to.
Theo. My soule thirst for it,
Come, I my selfe, thy hangmans part could play.
Dor. Oh hasten me to my coronation day. *exeunt*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, *servants.*

Anton. Is this the place where vertue is to suffer,
And heauenly beauty leauing this base earth,
To make a glad returne from whence it came,
Is it *Macrinus?* *a scaffold is brusht forth*
Mac. By this preparation
You well may rest assurd that *Dorothea*
This houre is to die here.
Anton. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetnesse that's in woman.
Set me downe friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death close vp mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leaue both of this light, and her:
For she being gone, the glorious Sun himselfe
To me's *Cymerian* darkenesse.
Macr. Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills in stead of giuing life.
Anton. Nay weepe not,
Though teares of friendship be a soueraigne balme,
On me they are cast away it is decreed
That I must die with her, our clew of life
Was spun together.
Macr. Yet sir tis my wonder
That you who hearing onely what she suffers,
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be
To adde to your calamitie, an eye witnesse
Of her last Tragicke scene, which must pierce deeper
And make the wound more desperate.
Anton. O *Macrinus*,
I would linger out my torments else, not kill me,

Which

Which is the end I aime at, being to die to.
What inſtrument more glorious can I wiſh for,
Then what is made ſharpe by my conſtant loue
And true affection. It may be the duty
And loyall ſeruice with which I purſude her,
And ſeald it with my death, will be remembred
Among her bleſſed actions, and what honor
Can I deſire beyond it?

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, *a headſman before her, followed by* Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

See ſhe comes,
How ſweet her innocence appeares, more like
To heauen it ſelfe then any ſacrifice
That can be offerd to it. By my hopes
Of ioyes hereafter, the ſight makes me doubtfull
In my beleefe, nor can I thinke our gods
Are good, or to be ſeru'd, that take delight
In offrings of this kinde, that to maintaine
Their power, deface the maſterpeece of nature,
Which they themſelues come ſhort of: ſhe aſcends,
An euery ſtep raiſes her neerer heauen.
What god ſo ere thou art that muſt enioy her,
Receiue in her a boundleſſe happineſſe

Sap. You are too blame
To let him come abrode.

Macr. It was his will,
And we were left to ſerue him, not command him,

Anton. Good ſir be not offended, nor deny
My laſt of pleaſures in this happy obiect
That I ſhall ere be bleſt with.

Theo. Now prowd contemner
Of vs and of our gods, tremble to thinke
It is not in the power thou ſeru'ſt, to ſaue thee.
Not all the riches of the ſea increaſd
By violent ſhipwrackes, nor the vnſearched mines
Mammons vnknowne exchequer ſhall redeeme thee.

And

And therefore hauing firſt well-how'd and weigh'd
What tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleaſures, and delights of life, to goe
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to adde to affliction the remembrance
Of the *Elyſian* ioyes thou might'ſt haue taſted,
Hadſt thou not turnd Apoſtata to thoſe gods
That ſo reward their ſeruants, let deſpayre
Preuent the hangmans ſword, and on this ſcaffold
Make thy firſt entrance into hell.

Anton. She ſmiles,
Vnmou'd by *Adonia*, as if ſhe were aſſur'd
Death looking on her can fraey would forget
The vſe of his inexitable hand.

Theo. Derided to? diſpatch I ſay.

Dor. Thou foole
That glorieſt in hauing power to ruiſh
A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life? to me not worth a thought
Or if to be eſteemd, 'tis that I looſe it
To win a better, eu'n thy malice ſerues
To me but as a ladder to mount vp
To ſuch a height of happineſſe where I ſhall
Looke downe with ſcorne on thee, and on the world,
Where circl'd with true pleaſures, plac'd aboue
The reach of death or time, twill be my glory
To thinke at what an eaſie peice I bought it.
There's a perpetuall ſpring, perpetuall youth,
No ioynt benumming cold, nor ſcorching heate,
Famine nor age haue any being there:
Forget for ſhame your Temple, buriall,
Obliuion, your fainde your *Heſperian* Orchards
The Golden fruite kept by the watchfull Dragon
Which did require *Hercules* to get it
Compar'd with what growes in all plenty there,
Deſerues not to be nam'd. The power I ſerue
Laughs at your happy *Arabia*, or the

Elizian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed then you can fancy yours.
Anton. O take me thither with you.
Dore. Trace my steps
And be assurd you shall.
Sap. With mine owne hands
Ile rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing feauer.
Theo. By no means,
Let him go with her, do seduc'd yong man,
And waite vpon thy saint in death, do, do,
And when you come to that imagind place,
That place of all delights, pray you obserue me,
And meete those cursed things I once call'd daughters,
Whom I haue sent as harbingers before you,
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulnesse to me that with care hasten
Your iourney thither, pray send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you bost of.
Ant. Grant that I may goe with her, and I will.
Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute dam thy selfe?
Theo. The gates to hell are open.
Dor. Know thou tyrant
Thou agent for the dinell thy great master
Though thou art most vnworthy to tast of it,
I can and will.

Enter Angelo *in the Angels habit.*

Har. Oh! mountaines fall vpon me,
Or hide me in the bottome of the deepe,
Where light may neuer find me.
Theo. Whats the matter?
Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.
Theo. *Harpax* my *Harpax* speake.
Har. I dare not stay,
Should I but heare her once more I were lost,
Some whirlewinde snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compar'd (and with what now I suffer)
Hels totments are sweet slumbers. *exit Harpax*

Sap.

Sap. Follow him.

Theo. He is distracted, and I must not loose him,
Thy charms vpon my seruant cursed witch,
Giues thee a short reprieue, let her not die
Till my returne. *exeunt Sapand Theo.*

Anton. She minds him not, what obiect
Is her eye fixd on?

Macr. I see nothing.

Anton. Marke her.

Dore. Thou glorious minister of the power I serue,
For thou art more then mortall, if for me
Poore sinner, thou art pleasd awhile to leaue
Thy heauenly habitation? and vouchsafest
Though glorified, to take my seruants habit,
For put off thy diuinitie, so lookd
My louely *Angelo*.

Ange. Know I am the same,
And still the seruant to your pietie,
Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first wonne me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent 'em)
To guide your steps. I tride your charitie,
When in a beggers shape you tooke me vp
And clothd my naked limbes, and after fed
(As you beleeu'd) my famishd mouth. Learne all
By your example to looke on the poore
With gentle eyes, for in such habits often
Angels desire an Almes. I neuer left you,
Nor will I now, for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soule to ioyes eternall,
Your martyrdome once sufferd, and before it
Aske any thing from me, and rest assur'd
You shall obtaine it.

Dore. I am largely payd
For all my torments, since I find such grace
Grant that the loue of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the loue of heauen,

Ange. I will performe it.

And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soule, that shall that moment be
Is there ought else
Dor. For proofe that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorne desir'd
To tast of that immortall fruite I goe to
After my death as sent from me, be pleas'd
To giue him of it.
Ange. Willingly deere Mistresse.
Dor. I am answer'd. Now I feele a holy fire
That yeelds a comfortable heate within me.
I am quite altered from the thing I was.
See I can stand, and goe alone, this kneele
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand
With a religious kisse.
Enter Sapritius *and* Theophilus.
Sapr. He is well now,
But will not be drawne backe.
Theoph. It matters not,
We can discharge this worke without his helpe;
But see your sonne.
Sapr. Vitaline
Anton. Sir I beseech you,
Being so neere our kinde allyance is not,
Theo. He quickly make a reparation of 'em.
Hast thou ought else to say?
Dorothea. Nothing but blame
Thy tardinesse in sending me to rest,
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soule
Begins to take her flight, farewell, O farewell quickly,
And though you are ensnar'd to see my death
Hereafter when my fiery martire read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea* with wet eyes
She liu'd a virgin, and a virgin dies.
her head strucke off
Anton. O take my soule along to waite on thine.
Macr. Your sonne sinks to.
Antonius sinkes.
Sap. Already dead.
Theo. Die all.
That are or fauour this accursed Sect,

I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead Carkasses, to be a
The Pyramous high as the vices are
These superstitious fooles, and leave the World
No name of Christian. *Exeunt Furies, with Angels.*
Sap. Heavenly Creatures, leaving gifts behind them
Mac. 'Tis in the ayre. *on their mouthes.*
Ther. Illusions of the Divell
Wrought by some one of her Religion,
That faine would make her destinie miserable,
It frights not me: because he is no female
Let him have buried, but let us for bodyes
Be cast forth with contempt in some high way,
And be to Vultures and to Dogs a prey. *scorne.*

Thunder off the stage.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Theophilus in his study, Books about him.

Ther. 1st Holiday (Oh Cato) was thy dreame,
(Thy Prosopopeia to execution done
On these base Christians in Caesarea)
Should now want worke, sleepe had Idolaters
That none are living, *the curious Painter* *Zeuxis.*
When he has made some admirable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colours how the tweenes, and then hugs
Himselfe for his rare workemanship. —— So I leave *Sirs.*
Will I my Drolleries and bloody Tragedies
Long past wrap'd vp vnfold to make me merry
With shadowes, now I want the substances. *Basha.*
My Muster-booke of Hell-hounds, were the Christians
Whose names stand heere (alive) and armed, not Rome
Could muster vpon her Hindges. What I have done,
Or shall heereafter, is not out of hate
To poore tormented wretches, no I am carried

With violence of zeale, and ſtreames of ſeruice
I owe our Romane gods. *Great Britaine*, what
A thouſand wiues with brats ſucking their breſts,
Had hot Irons pinch 'em off and throwne to ſwine,
And then their fleſhy backparts hewed with hatchets,
Were mine'd and bak'd in Pies to feede ſtaru'd Chriſtians.
Ha, ha.
Agen, agen,-- *Eaſt, Anglar*--, oh, Eaſt-Angles,
*B*andogs (kept three dayes hungry) worried
1000. Britiſh Raſcals, ſlyed vp, fat
Of purpoſe, ſtrip'd naked, and diſarm'd.
I could outſtare a yeere of Sunnes and Moones,
To ſit at theſe ſweete Bul-baitings, ſo I could
Thereby but one Chriſtian win to fall
In adoration to my *Iupiter*. Twelue hundred
Eyes boar'd with Augurs out ſob; ſeuen thouſand
Torne by wild beaſts: two hundred ram'd i'th earth
To'th armepits, and full Platters round about 'em,
But farre enough for reaching, eate dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Riſe*
Tuſh, all theſe tortures are but phillipings, *Comfort,*
Flea-bitings; I before the deſtinies *enter Angelo with a*
My bottome did winde vp, would fleſh my ſelfe -- *Basket*
Once more, vpon ſome one remarkeable *filld with fruit*
Aboue all theſe, this Chriſtian Slut was well, *and flowers.*
A pretty one, but let ſuch horror follow
The next I feede with torments, that when Rome
Shall heare it, her foundation at the ſound
May feele an Earth-quake. How now? *Muſicke.*

Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir--ſo great a Roman ſpirit and does it tremble.

The. How cam'ſt thou in? to whom thy buſineſſe?

Ang. To you
I had a miſtreſſe late ſeat hence by you
Vpon a bloudy errand, you intreated
That when ſhe came into that bleſſed Garden
Whither ſhe knew ſhe went, and where (now happy)
Shee feedes vpon all ioy, ſhe would ſend to you
Some of that Garden fruit and flowers, which heere

To haue her promiſe fau'd are brought by me.
The. Cannot I ſee this Garden?
Ang. Yes, if the Maſter
Will giue you entrance. *Angelo vaniſheth.*
The. Tis a tempting fruit, and the moſt bright cheek'd
child I euer view'd,
Sweete ſmelling goodly fruit, what flowers are theſe?
In *Diocleſians* Gardens, the moſt beautious
Compard with theſe are weedes: Is it not February?
The ſecond day ſhe dyed: Froſt, Ice and ſnowe
Hang on the beard of Winter, where's the ſunne
That guilds this ſummer, pretty ſweete boy, ſay in what
Country
Shall a man find this Garden——, my delicate boy, gone!
Vaniſhed!
Within there, *Iuliana* and *Cyrill*——
Enter two ſeruants.
Both. My Lord.
The. Are my gates ſhut?
1. And guarded.
The. Saw you not —— a boy.
2. Where?
The. Heere hee entred, a young Lad; 1000. bleſſings
danc'd vpon his eyes, a ſmooth fac'd glorious Thing, that
brought this Basket.
1. No ſir? *exeunt.*
The. Away, but be in reach if my voyce calls you,
No! vaniſh'd! and not ſeene, be thou a ſpirit
Sent from that Witch to mock me, I am ſure
This is eſſentiall, and how ere it growes,
Will taſte it. *Eates.*
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Harpax within.*
The. So good, ile haue ſome now ſure.
Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, great lickoriſh foole.
The. What art thou?
Har. A Fiſherman,
The. What doeſt thou catch,
Har. Soules, ſoules, aſh cal'd ſoules.

The.

Enter Angelo.

Tho. Geta.

1. My Lord.

Har. Ha,ha,ha,ha. *Within.*

Tho. What insolent slaue is this dares laugh at me?
Or what ill the dog grinnes at so?

1. I neither know my Lord at what, nor whom, for there is none without but my fellow *Iuluenus*, and hee's making a Garland for *Iupiter*.

Tho. *Iupiter*, all within me is not well,
And yet not sicke. *louder.*

Har. Ha,ha,ha,ha.

Tho. What's thy name slaue?

Har. Goe looke. *At one end.*

1. Tis *Harpax* voyce.

Tho. *Harpax*, goe drag the Caitiffe to my foote,
That I may stampe vpon him.

Har. Foole, thou lyest. *At tother end.*

1. Hee's yonder now my Lord.

Tho. Watch thou that end
Whilst I make good this.

Har. Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha. *At the middle.*

Tho. Hee's at Barli-breake, and the last coulple are now in hell, *exit seruants.*
Search for him, all this ground me thinke is bloody,
And pau'd with thousands of those Christians eyes
Whom I haue torturd, and they stare vpon me,
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape Angelicall, mine eyes (though dazled
And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore
A paire of glorious wings, yea they were wings,
And hence he flew; tis vanished, *Iupiter*
For all my sacrifices done to him
Neuer once gaue me smile: how can stone smile, *musicke.*
Or woodden Image laugh? hall remember
Such Musicke gaue a welcome to my eare,
When the faire youth came to me: is in the Ayre,
Or from some better place, a power diuine,

Through

Through my darke ignorance on my soule does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all staind ore,
Nay drown'd and damn'd for euer in Christian gore.
Har. Ha,ha,ha. *Within.*
Tho. Agen, what dainty reliſh on my tongue
This fruit hath left, some Angell hath me fed,
If ſo toothfull, I will be banqueted. *enters another.*
Har. Hold. *Enter Harpax in a ſtrange*
Tho. Not for *Cæſar.* *full ſhape, fire flaſhing out*
Har. But for me thou ſhalt. *of the ſtudy.*
Tho. Thou art no Twin to him that
Laſt was here.
You powers whom my ſoule bids me reverence
Guard me. What art thou?
Har. I'me thy Maſter.
Tho. Mine.
Har. And thou my everlaſting ſlave, that *Harpax*,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy Hell
Am I.
Tho. Auant.
Har. I will not, caſt thou downe
That Basket with the things in't, and fetch vp
What thou haſt ſwallowed, and then take a drinke
Which I ſhall giue thee, and i'me gon.
Tho. My Fruit!
Does this offend thee? ſee.
Har. Spit it to'th earth,
And tread vpon it, or ile peece-meale teare thee.
Tho. Art thou with this affrighted? ſee, heares more. *Flow-*
Har. Fling them away, ile take thee elſe & hang thee *ers.*
In a contorted Chaine of Iſicles
I'th frigid Zone: downe with them.
Tho. At the botome,
One thing I found not yet, ſee. *A croſſe of Flowers.*
Har. Oh, I'me tortur'd.
Tho. Can this doo't hence thou Fiend infernall hence.
Har. Claſpe *Iupiters* Image, and away with that.
Tho. At thee ile fling that *Iupiter*, for me thinkes

I serue a better Master, he now checkes me
For murthering my two daughters, put on by thee,
By thy damn'd Rhetoricke did I loose the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the Axe nor fire,
But sends their portions to me, and the crueller
Ore worlds to winde her, and shewes her white hand
To beg a forgiuenesse.

Har. No, I le bind thee heere.

The. I serue a strength about thine: this small weapon me thinkes is Armour hard enough

Har. Keepe from me. *Sinks to the earth.*

The. Art prostrate to thy captiue? down hel-hound, down,
Me hast thou lost, that arme which horles thee hence
Saue me, and set me vp the strong defence
In the faire Christians quarrel. *Enter Angels.*

Ang. Fixe thy foote there,
Nor be thou shaken with a Caesars voyce,
Though thousand deaths were in it: and I then
Will bring thee to a Riuer that shall wash
Thy bloudy hands cleane, whiter then Snow,
And to that Garden where these fruits doe grow,
And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
That heauenly token to driue, I speed thy braue wing
And serue then Caesar, a farre greater King. *exit.*

The. It is, it is some Angell, vanish'd againe
Oh come back ravishing Boy, bright Messenger,
Thou hast (by thine owne fire diuine) my heart
Illumined all my shade, now looke I backe
On my blacke Tyrants, which is they did,
Out-dare the bloudiest, thou hast spirit that leades me,
Teach me what I must do, and to doe well,
That my last act, the best may Parallell. *exit.*

Enter Diocletian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon, meeting Artemia attended.

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend vpon

Trium-

Triumphant *Cæsar*.

Dio. Let thy wish faire Daughter
Be equally deuided, and hereafter
Learne thou to know and reuerence *Maximinus*,
Whose power with mine vnited makes one *Cæsar*.

Max. But that I feare t'would be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tide
As loue, and Empire, I should say till now
I neere had seene a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistresse.

Art. Sir, you shew your selfe
Both Courtier and Souldier, but take heede,
Take heede my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty
Stain'd by a harsh refusall on my seruant
Cannot dart forth such beames as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerfull one,
That with a pleasing heate will thaw your heart
Though bound in ribs of Ice, loue shall loue,
His Bow and Arrowes are the same, great *Iulius*
That to his successors left the name of *Cæsar*
Whom warre could neuer tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large plaines of *Pharsalia*, couer'd
With the dead Carkasses of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew
No other Lord but him, strucke deepe in yeeres to,
And men gray haird forget the lust of youth:
After all this, meeting faire *Cleopatra*,
A suppliant to the magicke of her eye,
Euen in his pride of conquest tooke him captiue,
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd
(But by the gods you are most excellent)
Your grauity and discretion would o'recome me,
And I should be more proud in being a Prisoner
To your faire vertues, then of all the Honours,
Wealth, Title, Empire, that my sword hath purchac'd.

Dio. This meetes my wishes, welcome it *Artemia*
With out-stretch'd armes, and study to forget

That *Antoninus* euer was thy fate
Reserv'd thee for this better choise, embrace it.
Ep. This happy march brings new nerues to giue strength
To our continued league. *Maxi.* *Hymen* himselfe
Will blesse this marriage which we will solemnize
In the presence of these Kings.
Pon. Who's not most happy
To be eye-witnesses of a Match that brings
Peace to the Empire.
Diocles. We much thanke your loues,
But wher's *Sapritius* our Gouernour,
And our most zealous prouost good *Theophilus*?
If euer Prince were blest in a true seruant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they and we stand ingag'd to cherish
His pietie and seruice.
Artem. Sir the Gouernour
Brookes sadly his fowle losse although he turned
Apostata in death, but bold *Theophilus*
Who for the same cause in my presence seald
His holy anger on his daughters hearts,
Hauing with tortures first tride to conuert her,
Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her loose her head.
Dio. He is all worthy,
And from his owne mouth I would gladly heare
The manner how she suffer'd.
Arte. 'Twill be deliuerd
With such contempt and scorne, I know his nature
That rather t'will beget your highnesse laughter
Then the least pittie.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Martinus.

Dio. To that end I would heare it.
Arte. He comes, with him the Gouernour.
Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tendernesse,
But yet remembring that you are a father,
I will forget it, good *Theophilus*
Ile speake with you anone: neerer your eare. *Ile* *Sapritius.*

Thee.

Theo. By *Antonius* soule I do coniure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding whats the cause that moues me,
Receiue my signet, by the power of this
Go to my prisons, and release all Christian
That are in fetters there, by my command.

Mac. But what shall follow?

Theo. Haste then to the port,
You there shall finde two tall ships ready rig'd,
In which embarke the poore distressed soules,
And beare them from the reach of tyranny,
Enquire not whither you are bound, the diettie
That they adore will giue you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your trauaile: leaue me here,
There is a scene that I must act alone,
Haste good *Maximus*, and the gods God guide you.

Max. Ile vndertake't, theres some thing promptes me to it
Tis to saue innocent blood, a Saint like act,
And to be merciful has euer beene
By morrall men themselues esteemd a sin. *Exeunt Max.*

Dioc. You know your charge.

Sap. And will with care obserue it.

Dio. For I professe he is not *Cæsars* friend
That sheds a teare for any torture that
A Christians suffers. Welcome my best seruant
My carefull, zealous Prouost, thou hast toyld
To satisfie my will though in extreames,
I loue thee for't, thou art firme rocke, no changeling:
Prethee deliuer, and for my sake do it
Without excesse of bitternesse or scoffes
Before my brother and these kings, how tooke
The Christian her death.

Theo. And such a presence
Though euery priuate head in this large roome
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crowne,
Her story will deserue, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder,

Dicle. He (how's this?

Theo. O marke it therefore, and with due attention,
As you would hereon Embassie from heauen
By a wing'd Legate, for the truth deliuerd,
Both how and what this blessed virgin suffers,
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will rise vp with reuerence, and no more
As things vnworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canonis'd Egyptian Ladies were
Which lying *Orosio* to bathe at your owne mansions
Your *Romane* dames, whose figures you yet keepe
As holy reliques in her Historie
Will finde a second place. Graue Sir, *Calimbo*,
Paulina that in death desir'd to follow
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Pontius Pontia*
That swallowd burning coales to eternize him,
Though all their Records were by one consum'd
With these to be mention'd.

Maximus. I'me mad.

Dicl. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly.
This did no more.

Theo. They out of desperation
Are for vaine glory of an aftername
Parted with life. This had not mainous sonnes
As the rash *Gracchi* were, nor was this Saint
A doting mother as *Cornelia* was
This lost no husband in whose ouerthrow
Her wealth and honour fame lie, no feare of want
Did make her being tedious, but aiming
At an immortall crowne, and in his cause
Who onely can bestow it, who sent downe
Legions of ministring Angels to beare vp
Her spotlesse soule to heauen, who entertaind it
With choyce celestiall musicke, equall to
To the motion of the spheres, she vntempted
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Saporius*
You were present at her death, did you ere here
Such rauishing sounds?

Sapr:

Sap. Yet you sayd then it was well there ſo,
And diuelliſh illuſions.

Theo. I then heard it
With ſinfull eares, and bad'ſt out blaſphemous words
Againſt his dictie, whiſt then I knew not,
Nor did beleeue in him.

Dicel. Why doſt thou not for that ſhou in our hearing?

Theoph. Were my voyce
As lowd as is his thunder, to be heard
Through al the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burſt with rage ſhould they but hear me,
Though hell to ayde their malice I doe inuite,
Yet I would ſpeake, and ſpeake againe, and boldly,
I am a Chriſtian, and the powers you worſhip
But dreames of fooles and madmen.

Maximus. Lay hands on him.

Dio. Thou twice a child (for doting age ſo makes thee)
Thou couldſt not elſe by pilgrimage of life,
Being almoſt paſt through the ſtate of men,
Deſtroy what ere thou haſt done good or great,
Thy youth did promiſe much, and growne a man
Thou madeſt it good, and with encreaſe of yeares
Thy actions ſtill better'd as the ſeaſons
Thou did'ſt runne glorious courſe, and conſtant courſe
In all thy iourney, and now in the euening
When thou ſhould'ſt paſſe with ioy vnto thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sapritius. Yet confeſſe
That thou art mad, and that thy tong and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Doe, no way is left elſe
To ſaue thy life *Theophilus*,

Dicel. But refuſe it,
Deſtruction ſo horrid and ſo fearfull
Shall fall vpon thee, as if hell ſtood open
And thou wert ſinking thither.

Theoph. Here me yet
Here for my ſeruice paſt,

Artem.

Artem. What will he say?

Theo. As ever I deserv'd your favour here me,
And grant one boone, tis not for life I sue for,
Nor is it fit that I that never knew pitty
To any Christian, being one my selfe
Should looke for any: no, I rather begd in
The vigour of your cruelty, I stand
Accomptable for thousand Christians deaths,
And were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live againe
To be againe tormented, twere to me
An easie penitence, and I should passe through
A gentle cleansing fire, but that denyes me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My sute is you would have no pitty on me.
In mine owne house there are a thousand engines
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians, let me feele
As the Sicilian did his brazen bull,
The horridst you can find, and I will say
In death, that you are gracefull.

Dio. Despaire not
In this thou shalt prevaile, go fetch 'em hither, *some fly for the racke.*
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once
And so appeare before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy flesh with burning pincers torne, shall feed
The fire that heates them, and what remaines to
The torture of thy body, I'le supply
In punishing thy soule in all the Christians
That are in hold, and here before his face
Cut 'em in peeces.

Theo. Tis not in thy power,
It was the first good deed I ever did,
They are remov'd out of thy reach, howsoever
I was determin'd for my sinnes to die,
I first tooke order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Dicle. Bind him I say,

Make

Make euery artery and ſinew crack,
The ſlaue that makes him giue the lowdeſt ſhrike
Shall haue ten thouſand Drachmes, wretch ile force thee
To curſe the power thou worſhip'ſt.
The. Neuer, neuer,
No breath of mine ſhall euer be ſpent on him, *They tor-*
But what ſhall ſpeake his Maieſty or mercy. *ment him.*
I am honour'd in my ſuffrings, weake torments are
More tortures, more; alas you are vnskilfull,
For Heauens ſake more; my breſt is yet vntorne:
Heere purchaſe the reward that was propounded,
The Irons coole, heere are armes yet and thighes,
Spare no part of me.
Max. He endures beyond
The ſuffrance of a man.
Sap. No ſigh nor grone
To witneſſe he has feeling.
Dio. Harder Villaines. *Enter Harpax.*
Har. Vnleſſe that he blaſpheme hee's loſt for euer,
If torments euer could bring forth deſpaire,
Let theſe compell him to it: oh me
My ancient enemies againe, *falls downe.*

Enter Dorothea in a white robe, crownes vpon her robe, a Crowne vpon her head, lead in by the Angell. Antoninus, Caliſte and Chriſteta following all in white, but leſſe glorious, the Angell with a Crowne for him.

The. Moſt glorious viſion,
Did ere ſo hard a bed yeeld man a dreame
So heauenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you bleſſed ſpirits, and make haſt
To take that crowne of immortality
You offer to me; death till this bleſt minute
I neuer thought thee ſlow pac'd, nor could I
Haſten thee now for any paine I ſuffer,
But that thou kepſt me from a glorious wreath
Which through this ſtormy way I would creepe to,

And humbly kneeling with humility weare it.
Oh now I feele thee, blessed spirits I come
And witnesse for me, all these wounds and scarres,
I die a souldier in the Christian warres. *dies.*

Sap. I haue seene thousands torturd, but nere yet
A constancy like this.

Harpax. I am ewise damnd.

Ang. Hasten to thy place appointed curssed fiend,
In spite of hell this souldier's not thy prey,
Tis I haue wonne, thou that hast lost the day. *exit Angelo*

Dio. I thinke the centre of the earth be crackt, *the diuell*
Yet I still stand vnmou'd, and will go on, *sinkes with*
The persecution that is here begun, *lightning.*
Through all the world with violence shall run.

flourish exeunt

FINIS.